傭兵ピエール 3

原作 佐藤賢一
作画 野口賢

Cover design Takashi Suenaga

YJ ヤングジャンプ YJC

傭兵ピエール 3

原作 佐藤賢一
作画 野口賢

集英社

9784088770901

1929979005900

ISBN4-08-877090-0

C9979 ¥590E

定価 本体590円+税

雑誌 44256-90

15世紀、百年戦争下のフランス。傭兵隊長ピエールは、神の啓示を受けた少女ジャンヌ・ダルクと共にイギリス軍との闘いに赴く。オルレアンを解放し、勢いに乗るフランス国王軍だったが、首都パリの攻略は困難を極める。やがて、季節は冬を迎え、軍は解散。ピエールとジャンヌの運命も新たな局面に…。

★インターネットでも電波だけのコミックスが購入できます。
最近受取ならお料金有り/
http://www.s-manga.net/

傭兵ピエール
原作・佐藤賢一　作画・野口賢

MERCENARY PIERRE CHARACTERS

La Pucelle

Saint Jeanne de Arc. As the savior who accepted God's revelations, she stands on the battlefield to save France from crisis. With a mysterious charisma, she guides the soldier's valor.

Pierre

The main character. The illegitimate child of a high-nobility family, he commands the "Unicorns of Anjou" and is known as "Pierre the Butcher". He was promised La Pucelle's virginity.

Mary

Adores Pierre, daughter to the innkeeper Jiro.

La Hire

Famous French commander. Took an interest to Pierre.

Tom

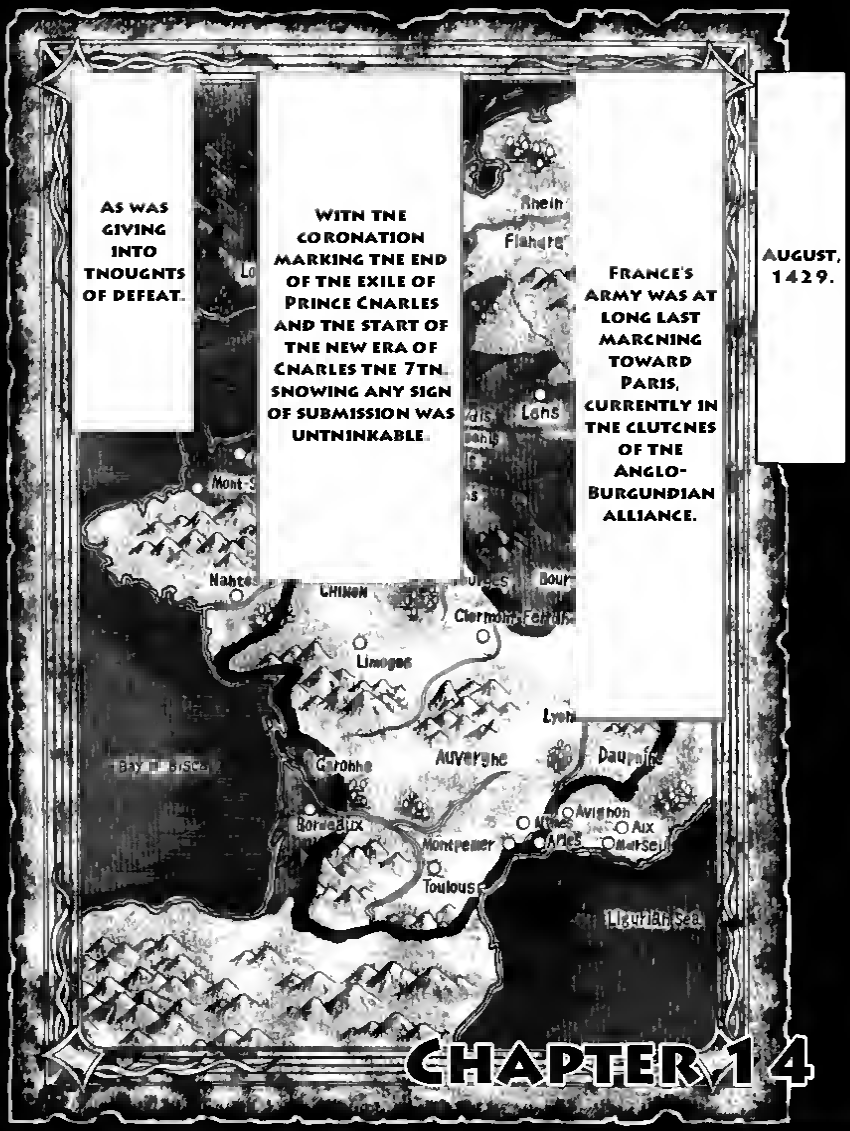
Grew up in a mercenary house, accountant to the mercenary troop and believes in order. Honestly and with skill, he manages the troop's assets. Also a lecher...

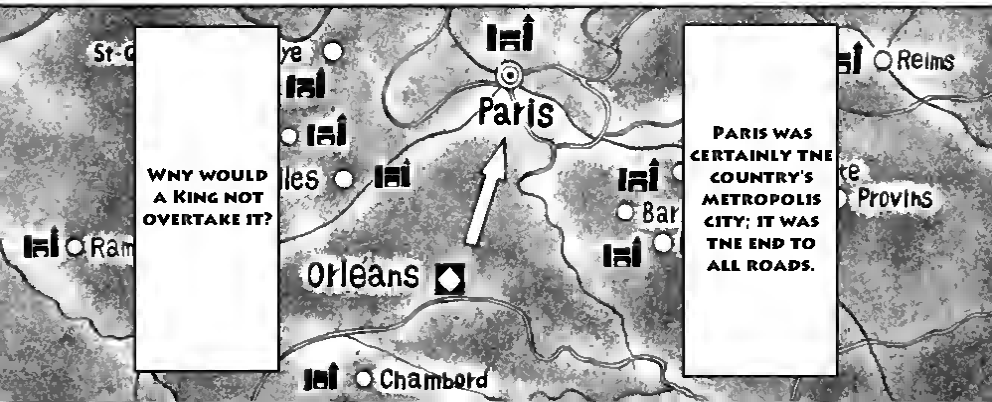
John

Second in command to Pierre and works as a [illegible] has complete trust in his abilities on the battlefield as a secondary commander.

Vivet

A woman from a village pillaged by Pierre's [illegible] family, travels with the mercenaries, and looks after Pierre's affairs with a positive attitude.


As was giving into tnougnts of defeat.
Witn tne coronation marking tne end of tne exile of Prince Cnarles and tne start of tne new era of Cnarles tne 7tn. snowing any sign of submission was untninkable.
France's army was at long last marcning toward Paris, currently in tne clutcnes of tne Anglo-Burgundian alliance.
August, 1429.
Rhein
Flandre
Lens
Nantes
Limoges
Auvergne
Dauphine
Bordeaux
Montpellier
Toulouse
Avignon
Aix
Marseille
Ligurian Sea
CHAPTER 14


Why would a King not overtake it?
Paris was certainly tne country's metropolis city; it was tne end to all roads.
Paris
Orleans
Reims
Provins
Chambord

Chapter 14

Izumo no Ryuu
http://www.iryuu.net

Illuminati-Manga
http://www.illuminati-manga.com/

Scans:
GGPX

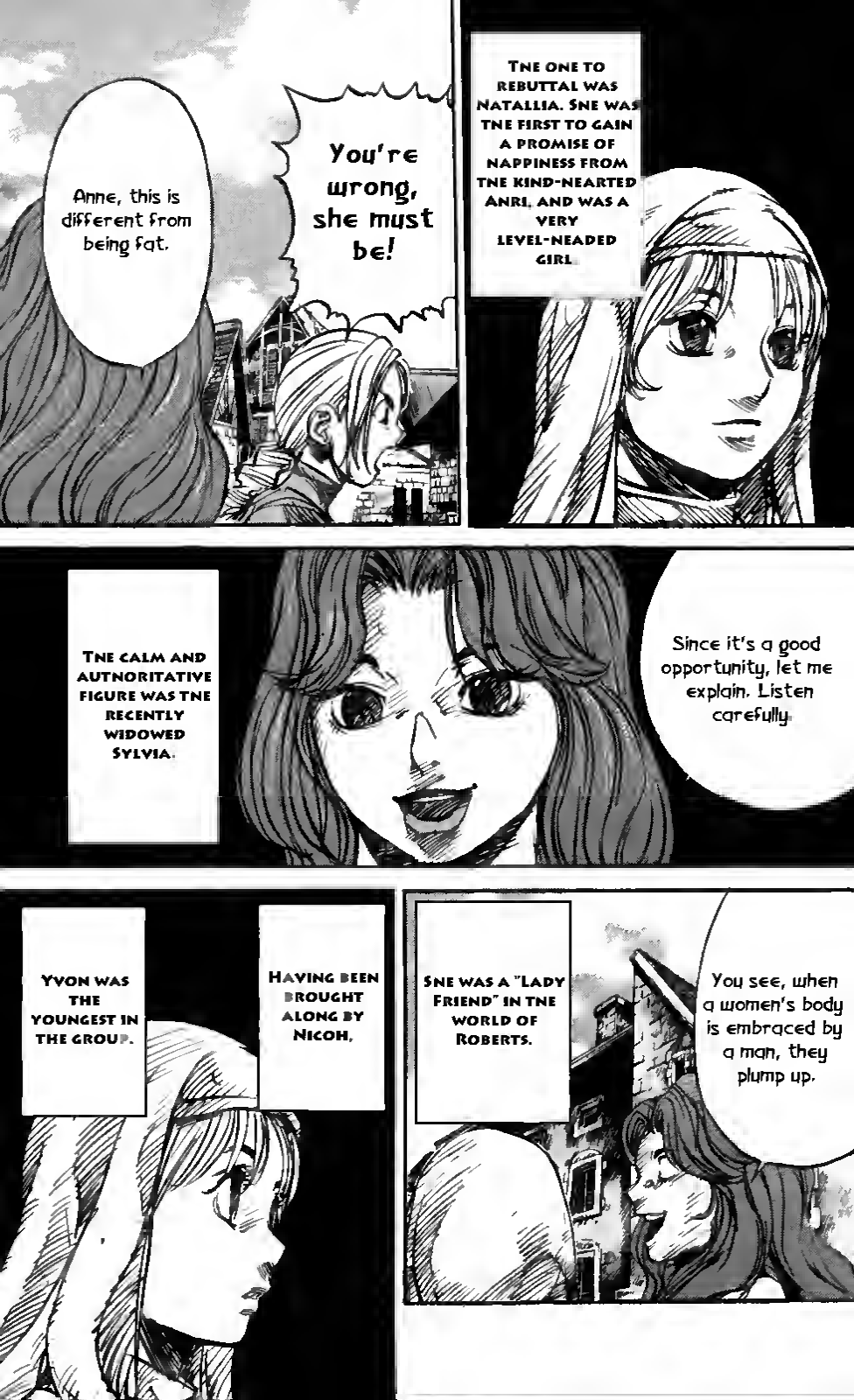
Trans / Edits:
Tradedaemon

Proofs:
Dead^Meat

Double:
antifon

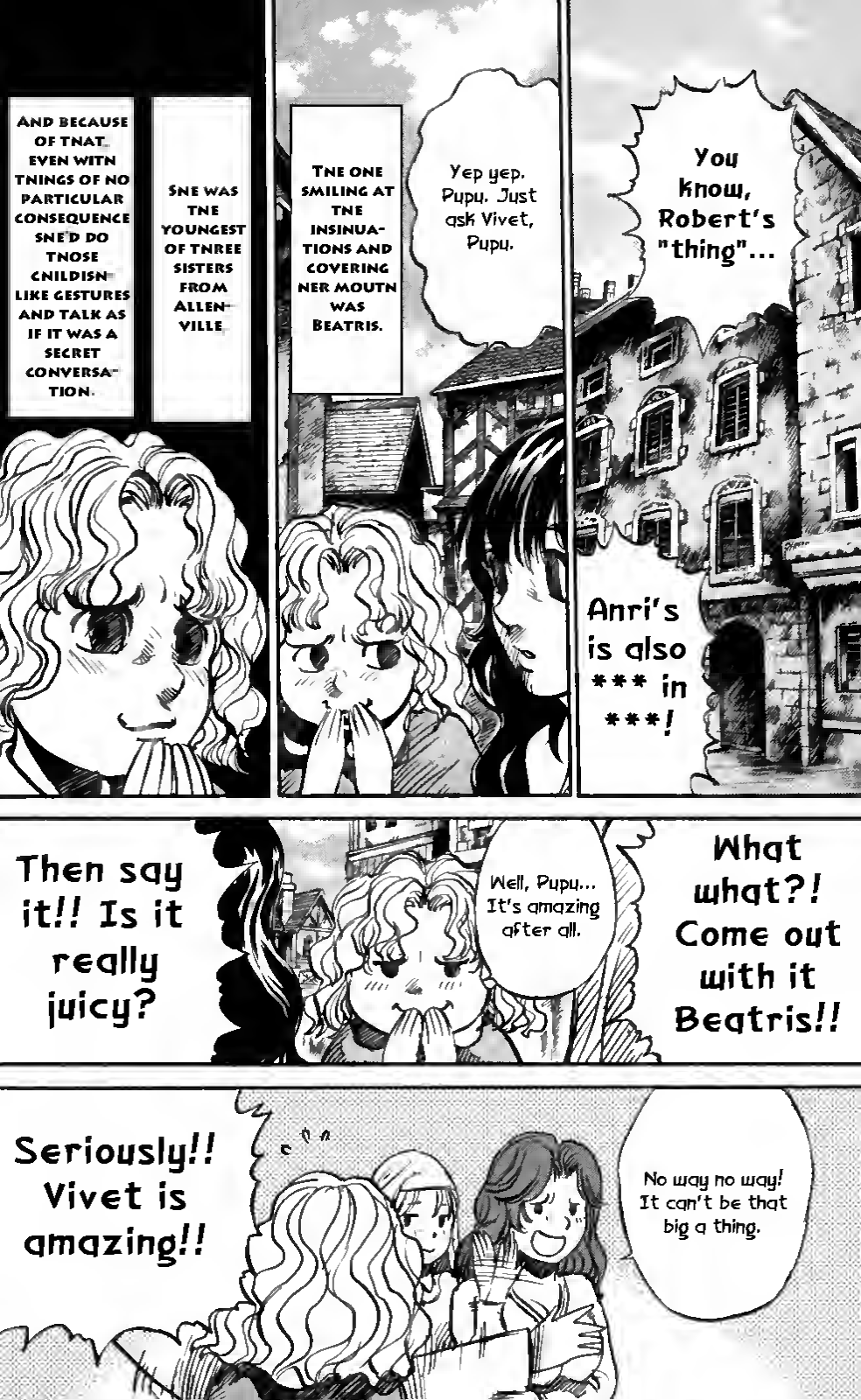
Saint-Denis.
The army's corps had formed into units and were camping in the city's districts.
They were on standby,
watching the days pass, waiting for orders to attack Paris.
But with it came a holiday filled with mental strain between the units that would sometimes snap.
It was the women who were just trying to get by. Even for those of Allenville who served the "Unicorns of Anjou",
clear weather was a welcome fortune, so they chose to do laundry.

Even a large portion of the prostitute women saw it as a good opportunity.
Large flocks of them seeking the day's wages marched about the streets.
Anne said, with vigor and direct to the point.
Say Vivet, haven't you gotten a bit fat lately?
Anne was the younger sister of Vivet. In charge of John.
She was strongly assertive and was always the focus of the conversation, compared to the elder Vivet.
That's not true.

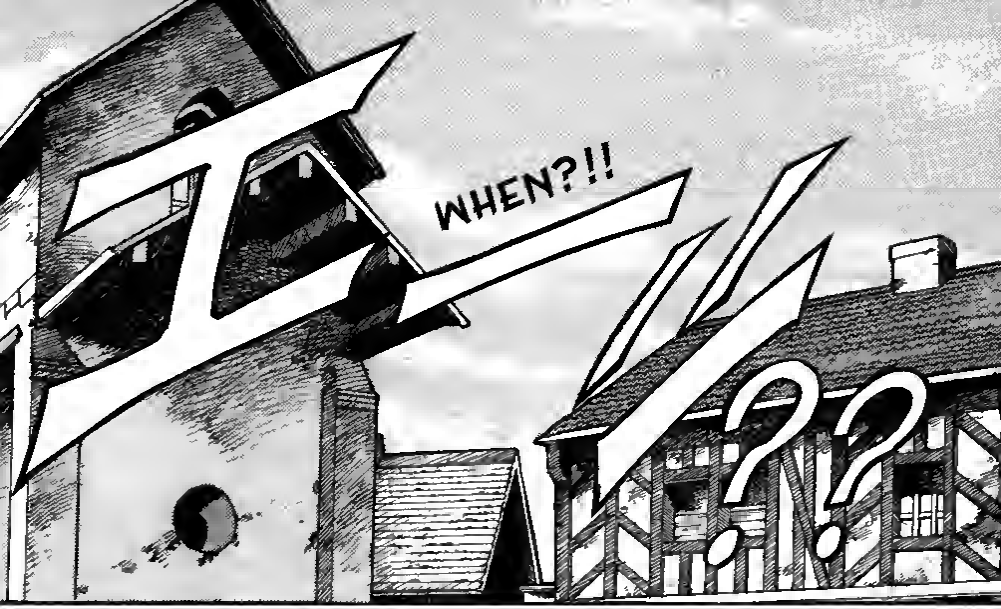

Anne, this is different from being fat.
You're wrong, she must be!
The one to rebuttal was Natallia. She was the first to gain a promise of happiness from the kind-hearted Anri, and was a very level-headed girl.
The calm and authoritative figure was the recently widowed Sylvia.
Since it's a good opportunity, let me explain. Listen carefully.
Yvon was the youngest in the group.
Having been brought along by Nicoh,
She was a "Lady Friend" in the world of Roberts.
You see, when a women's body is embraced by a man, they plump up.

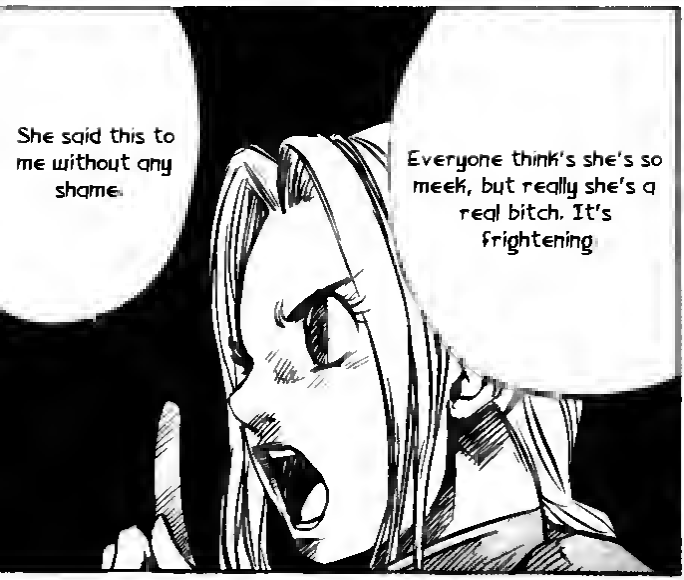
Then, if I don't swell up, it's Nicoh's fault?
SHE WAS EXTREMELY CURIOUS AND EVEN WORSE, HAD A DOCILE PERSONALITY, SO SHE WOULD ACCEPT ANYTHING A PERSON OF EXPERIENCE SAID AS TRUE.
Exactly Yvonne. Just look at me for proof.
If you say so Mrs. Sylvia, it must be true. That's some persuasive power.
ガヨヤヤ

Right?
Bha!
And that's supposed to mean?...
Well, you know.
FLOWERS BLOOMED IN THIS INELEGANT TALK.
IN THIS UN-INHIBITED SPACE FOR THE WOMEN,
Huh, but you know!!


You know, Robert's "thing"...
Anri's is also *** in ***!
Yep yep. Pupu. Just ask Vivet, Pupu.
Tne one smiling at tne insinua-tions and covering ner moutn was Beatris.
Sne was tne youngest of tnree sisters from Allen-ville.
And because of tnat, even witn tnings of no particular consequence sne'd do tnose cnildisn-like gestures and talk as if it was a secret conversa-tion.
What what?! Come out with it Beatris!!
Well, Pupu... It's amazing after all.
Then say it!! Is it really juicy?
No way no way! It can't be that big a thing.
Seriously!! Vivet is amazing!!

It's so embar-rassing!
I saw her with Sir Pierre by accident in the tent.
So then what's so amazing?
Her mouth...
So then what is it?!
Her mouth?
Yes. Pupu. She had her mouth....
on the Chief's LITTLE chief.


WHEN?!!


She said this to me without any shame.
Everyone think's she's so meek, but really she's a real bitch. It's frightening.

It's true.

"Say Anne. Am I a whore if I were to say the brooding Sir Pierre let me ride him?"

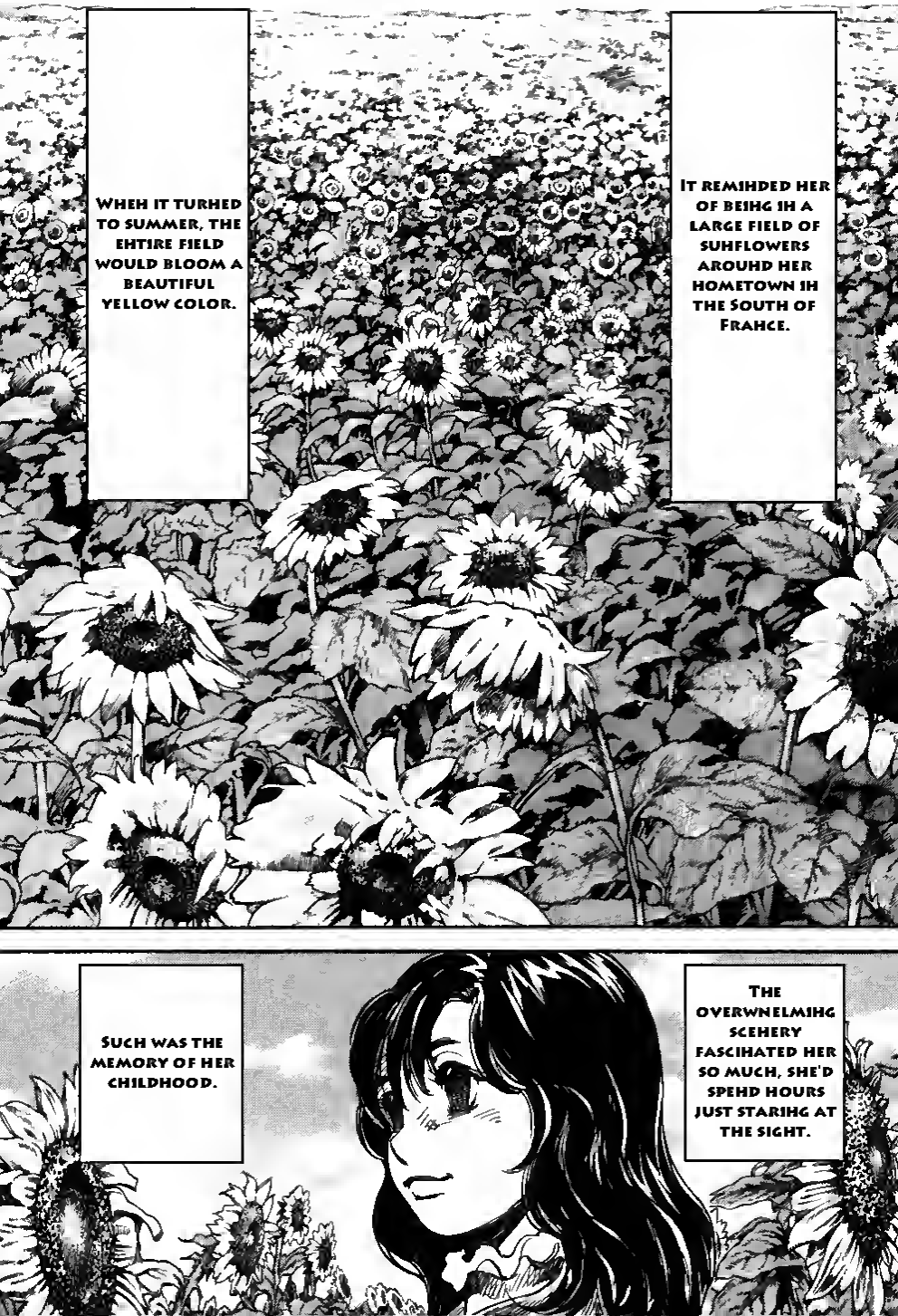
A believer in Christ would never forgive that!!
You heard about that? It's only a rumor!!
Vivet's, pupu, a woman full of sin!!
Uwaaa. I can't believe it!!
It's fine. You're getting married anyway. When you do, I'm sure the Lord will overlook it.
He's such a sweet man.
Wouldn't that make him a hook-nosed husband then?

Pierro dear, it's me, your ever-righteous "Catholic sweetheart".
Pfff, how are you a contessa. He just meant you're a greedy woman who wears too much makeup.
Wasn't I your little "Comtesse"?
Oh, Peter Mon Chere, you haven't been around at all lately. You do remember me don't you?
And Pierro by those from Napoli. But it was a simple matter to know who they referred to.
Even amoung the prostitutes facing hardships, there were various kinds. Those originally from Flanders knew Pierre as Peter,
Alots happen'n in town, so le's go look around.
Oh, there ya're Vivet.

It's alright, just go.
I haven't finished with the laundry yet...
In exchange...
By accepting that simple condition, Vivet was able to go out with Pierre.
Pierre would direct the other thick-headed men into taking their ladies out.

Look at tha', Vivet.

Her timid eyes wouldn't stop blinking..
For a soutnern Frencn woman from a declining agricultural village, sne was startled from all tne excitement.
Sne was enjoying nerself, if not just slightly.
Yet even so, glee exuded from ner face.
sne found nerself fixated on a man's face.
For once, instead of staring at ner feet,
Come'n.


When it turned to summer, the entire field would bloom a beautiful yellow color.
It reminded her of being in a large field of sunflowers around her hometown in the South of France.
Such was the memory of her childhood.
The overwhelming scenery fascinated her so much, she'd spend hours just staring at the sight.

I've become a sunflower.
I see!
Sunflowers, whose eyes would chase after the shining sun and whose faces the sunlight would sink into...
...is what Vivet thought.

Just look at these wares a' mine.
Kind sir.
Kind sir.
Looks like some good quality jewelry ya got there.
A'course. I's a shopkeep'r in Brussels.

Fifty Franks?!
Well ain't tha' a good look'n ruby. How much, old man?
I'll settle fer fifty francs good sir.
Wha's wrong?
Not good enough? Then how 'bout a diamond? How much fer tha' one?

ガヤガヤ
ふるふる
WAS TEN ECU.
A GOLD RING,
Wha' a shame. Seems my fiance wants ta save some money.

Pierre would have to become a mediocre man worth ten ecu.
If he was going to be considerate of Vivet then,
But to Vivet, ten ecu was the price of utter bliss.
I'll take a red rose.
Could I bare being seen like that?

Ten ecu and a rose,
is my price.
On tne way back to tne inn,
men's neads turned toward tne two.
But it wasn't Pierre drawing tne gazes.
Rather, it was Vivet.

Like going from the pupa stage and turning into a butterfly.
Pierre was certainly present the moment she had changed into the fine woman she now was
She had,
bloomed into a beauty.
And that's when it happened.
KYAAA!!

He-help us!!
Out I said you impious women!!
You accursed whores!!
When will you come to under-stand?!!

KYAA!!
Get out!!
Out I say!!
La Pucelle?

Don't!!
Jeanne, wha're ya do'n?!

Something had changed... And because of that, La Pucelle could no longer act as the grease in the cog of the King's army.
Strange.
Don't go, please.

Izumo no Ryuu
http://www.iryuu.net

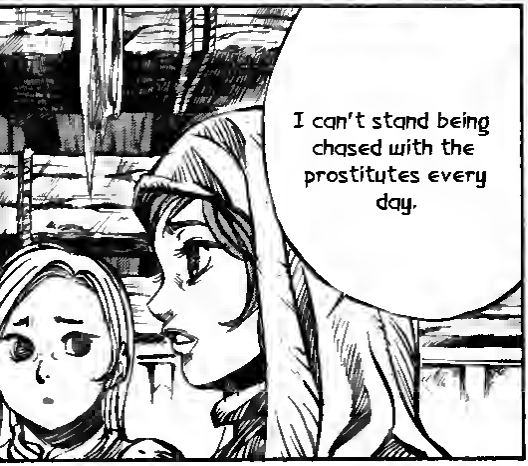
Illuminati-Manga
http://www.illuminati-manga.com/

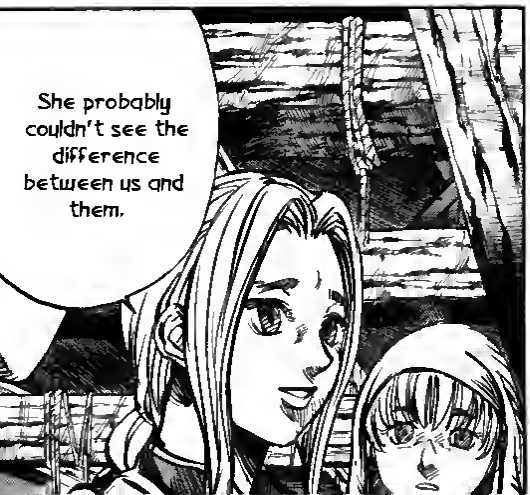
Scans:
GGPX

Trans / Edits:
Tradedaemon

Proofs:
Dead^Meat

Chapter 15


I can't stand being chased with the prostitutes every day.


She probably couldn't see the difference between us and them.

All of a sudden she pulled out her sword and began cutting people.
We almost couldn't finish the laundry.

At one of the camps of the soldiers, she had cut down a number of whoring women.
The incident with La Pucelle was what was being discussed.
But she always came over to where we were staying before.
You sure 'bout that?
There's a lot a things happen'n.
Yet never before had she tried to carry out punishment with her own hands.
For a while now she's detested their kind.

We've been chased about with that sword of hers!!
But we were really scared!!
Ya'll jus' have ta put up with it.
Sitting at Pierre's side, Vivet was mending something.
Won' they understand? ...
She grumbled to herself, showing off her needlework skill.
As if to say "You made a wise choice, dear".

I think...
Wha're ya grumb'n 'bout Vivet?
You walk with a lot of character.
Hu-?
Your socks and longjohns get holes in them and then they tear.
No matter how much I try to repair them, it makes no difference.

But I guess there was no ill will behind it.
What a narrow world that woman inhabits.
Holes in socks... that was what Vivet cared about most.
If Pierre was ignorant of the things he required he too could live in that shallow carefree world.
Our savior you saw has an illness particular to new recruits.
La Pucelle!
And that was why a woman kicked out of such a world was in misery.

But even if they embark with that fantasy in mind, war is completely different from a fabrication.
Tales of heoric deeds fly around and men think tomorrow could be their chance to be recognized...

New recruits, especially those of good breeding who give into fear become racked with hysteria.

That is the illness afflicting our holy one.

Out there is reality, the reality of death.

As one becomes accustomed to the fear, they become coolheaded on the battlefield.
For a man, the madness may never pass.
Which is why as soon as the symptoms appear, the people close to the guy immediately beat him half dead, which settles him down.
It'd help if we could do that to her.
But all we can give our savior are cold glares.
And there were no vulnerabilities in La Pucelle.
A fit of hysteria cannot be stopped.
If no one extends some form of helping hand, the fear never disappears.

On the seventh of September, Charles the 7th entered Saint Denis.
With a tight grip on the whole of the ihhs there, they began march toward the outskirts of Paris.
The line of four-bladed wind-mills they came across,
were set up to grind Paris's wheat.
The king's army made quick work of gaining control of the villiages lying on the outskirts. As soon as the residence had evacuated, their homes became free for use.
Even with the few that had been set up to isolate a couple families that held an infectious disease, there weren't enough to house the huge army.
So apart from the ranking officers, the soldiers had to put up tents at night.

That hook-nosed company commander?
Our savior La Pucelle did it with that despicable Pierre the butcher.
Did you hear?
Now that you mention it, I have seen them together a lot.
Yeah, that guy.
Anyway, ya noticed La Pucelle's all menstrated lately?
Oh ya, heard he was walk'n around with some other woman yesterday, some girl with black hair... Ch-
Pisses me off he gets all the women.
He's the lowest of dogs.
Well, she was cheated on... Simple as that.

So then is she still a holy maiden? What a joke.
But man, he got to play with our savior's body.
Huh?

and do'em ten times in a night! Then, only after tha' will I sell 'em for cheap ta the lazy bastards in a monestry!!
Don' ever le' me hear tha' kind of talk again! If I hear those kinds of baseless rumors, I'll find yer daughters

Sir Pierre, I take it.
La Pucelle.

I think it best... if I didn't.
Right, s'me. Et's time ta return. Any longer an' it'll turn pitch black on ya.
It's fine!!
Wha's all this about?
If I stay here and a wolf devours me or something evil carries me away,
It's all the same.
I'm a lost cause... All I can do now is return to our lord.

Have ya forgot?...

Yer our savior.
How long ya gonna sit there pout'n?! Every'n expects a lot from ya!!
I've been worried 'bout ya. Even so, here I find ya say'n it don' matter if ya ge' abducted by someth'n evil? ch-
Enough'a yer childness!!

I once passed on the messages from God as France's savior...
I was wrong. I'm not allowed to break down.
You have a point...
Nor do I have the strength he once bestowed upon me. That is why I was overcome with fear.
It was my duty to see that the coronation at Reims happened. Now, I can no longer hear the voice of our Lord.
That's the reason?!
What?!!

What a thing Godly bestowed strength is.
Must she still pretend to be our savior?
Rather, it was the loss of God's protection that La Pucelle had feared.
Pierre had seen what true fear was, and it was not the nightmare a new recruit feels.
I will participate in the battles to come, just as I have.
There are many who have put their trust in me, so I must continue on.

.....
I will be the voice of God for the soldiers... and lead them to victory.
She's just a normal girl now?... Then all she can do is play the part of the savior.
Sir Pierre, I am ready.

ガイ

Let me do it.

Then, hate me.
A girl he didn't know shouldn't have been that hard to get over.
What had Pierre been doing up til now?

Pierre had for-gotten who he really was,
and realized he'd made a huge mistake.

Where'd that Vivet go?...
Say, Mark, Huhu...
A man can' ge' used to a woman as a leader, right? Huhuhu.
Ah, there you are Pierre. We have a problem!!
A fire's broken out in the company commander lodgings!!
The Alenzon public's been calling for you. They're pretty angry right now.

If there was a problem, it was the single, charred remains that was found.
And it didn't leap across to the other tents.
The fire wasn't a big issue; only one tent had been set ablaze.
But because of the fire, the identity of the person was unknown.
The figure appeared to be a woman.
The face don' lie.
Was she blond-haired? Brown-haired?
Looks like another young woman...

We don' know anyth'n 'bout her. We'll jus' hef ta say she was one of the soldier's prostitutes...
What should we do about it?
I bet she was a pretty one alive.
Pierre saw it.
As ne said tnat,
Like tne ring was screaming of its' existance, tne gold color glimmered in tne lignt.
On tne ring finger.
It stood out in prominence,
Even tnougn ner five digits were badly scorcned and some were melted togetner,

The ring from Saint Denis.

VIVET
...!!

It was the body of Vivet.
Pierre could see it plainly.

let out a human scream.
She probably at least,
Did she cry?
Did she thrash about?
Her large eyes had probably been glued open in fear.
This is a big deal, isn't it.
call my name as she burned?
Did she,
John...

Pierre slipped into the crowd and disappeared into the darkness of the night. Having been around him long enough, John knew what he was going to do.
John, I'll be back late.

Izumo no Ryuu
http://www.iryuu.net
Illuminati-Manga
http://www.illuminati-manga.com/
Scans:
GGPX
Trans / Edits:
Tradedaemon
Proofs:
Dead^Meat
Chapter 16

Bodies that had had their heads cut clear off.
The day after the scorched body of Vivet was fouhd, talk of two other dead corpses had spread through the rahks.
were smilihg a big, toothed grih.
Ahd what was most omihous was the heads that laid atop the bloody floor
Obviously the murders

From the look of the bloodied scene, the two were playing cards.

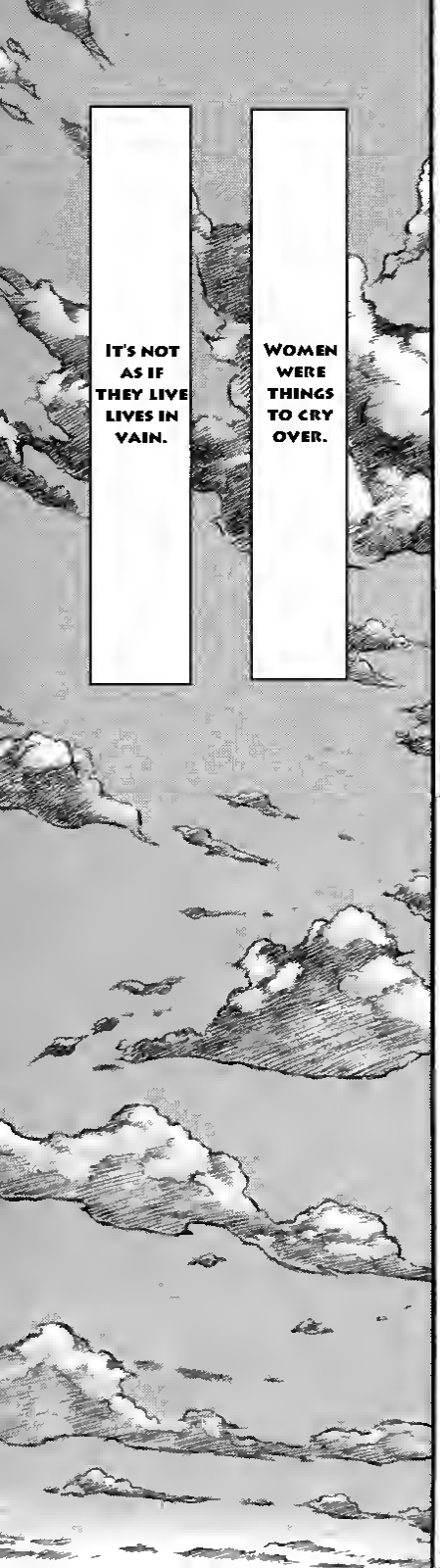
And who had slain them was still unknown. Just that they had been killed in an instant.
They had settled in with some grape wine in one hand.

Only he'd do a thing like that.
No mistak'n it.
Pierre the butcher's done it again.
You can't show him the tiniest of weakness.
He does it when you ain't look'n.
Oh, morn'n.
Speaking of which...

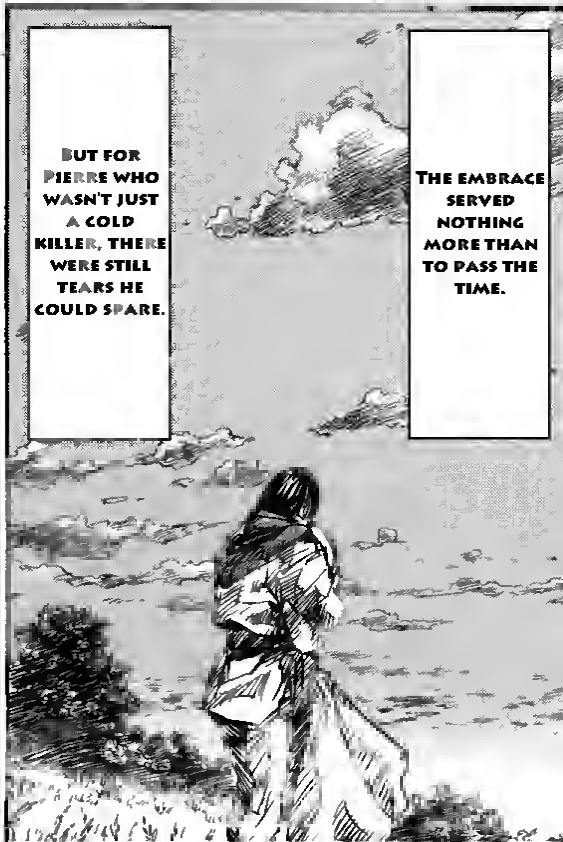
He slaughters two men and he don't show any problem with it.
Ey Mark, the supplies ain' taken out.
A dangerous man, that one is.

A beautiful southern woman loved by a northern man.
May ya stay perpetually beautiful an' rest'n peace here.
With these hands!
Because... I've slayn yer murders, Vivet.

Vivet, why'd ya have ta go alone?!... Ya brainless woman!! Vivet, oh Vivet!!...
Don't ever forget my sister.


It's not as if they live lives in vain.
Women were things to cry over.

Don't ever forget... She was so beautiful...
Never seen anybody as beautiful as h...


But for Pierre who wasn't just a cold killer, there were still tears he could spare.
The embrace served nothing more than to pass the time.

The King's army had advanced toward the Saint Honore gate.
Even with what had happened, war was reinstigated. Marching in leisure went with the summer, and the season was already showing signs of the weary face of autumn.
toward an ever more enormous Paris.
Underneath the gloom-locked sky, a black, eerie air rose up,
The command to seige Paris was inacted.
September 8th, Birth of the Virgin Mary.

IMPREG-
NATABLE
KING-
DOM
CAPITAL.
AS ONE
WOULD
EXPECT
FROM A
WORLD
CLASS.
COULD THE
FRIENDLY
FRENCH FORCES
REALLY DEFEAT
THE ENEMY
SECLUDED
WITHIN THE
FORTRESS CITY'S
WALLS?
WITH A TOOL
SUCH AS PARIS
AT THE
ENGLISH'S
DISPOSAL,

Will the citizens'a Paris raise up if we do tha'?
Will we be able ta seize victory when the enemy gasps from exhaustion?
Unless we choke their supply runs, don' look like we can win.
First, a battle in patience.
Anyhow, le's make a chance fer victory.
Their last hope was in La Pucelle, but since Reims she had been acting strange.
The sense of invincibility since Orleans was quickly being over-shadowed.

La Pucelle's emotions,
had become the highs and lows of the entire army, and were in the rebound currently.
And if she was acting of odd mind, the soldier's morale would not rise.
At the peak of noon, the battle commenced.
Would the person in question know about it? La Pucelle stood in battle.

The bowmen launched their attack,
Made clear aim, and tried to drop the defensive mercenaries on the bastion.
nocked their arrows,
We do have a savior on our side!!
Look! The triangle pennant!! It waves!!

As if resonating from the encouragement of La Pucelle, the soldiers struggled on.
However...
Something was amiss.
She wasn't her old self.
She was scared.

Give him your all!!
Shout to the Lord!
Go burn on a stake you witch!!
Shut yer trap ya lewd prozzy whore!!
FLY
What was that?!

Ah!!
ガシャーン

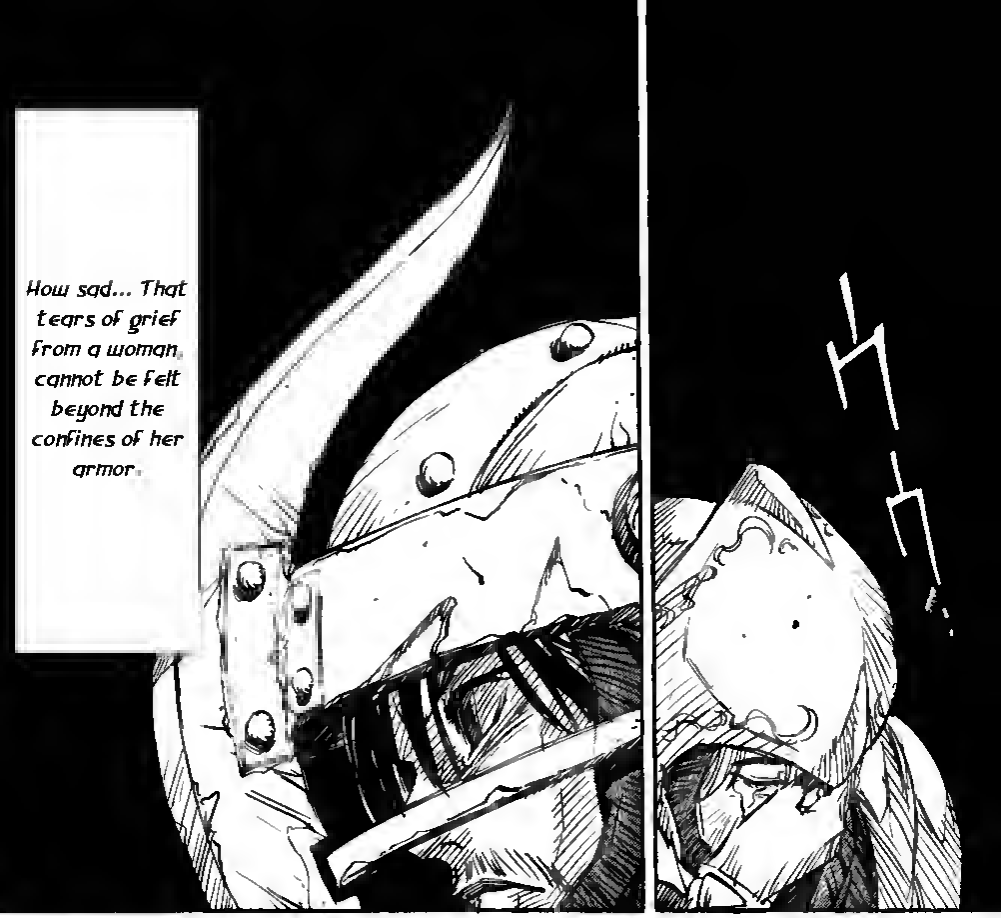
What've they done...
Get ahold a yerself!!

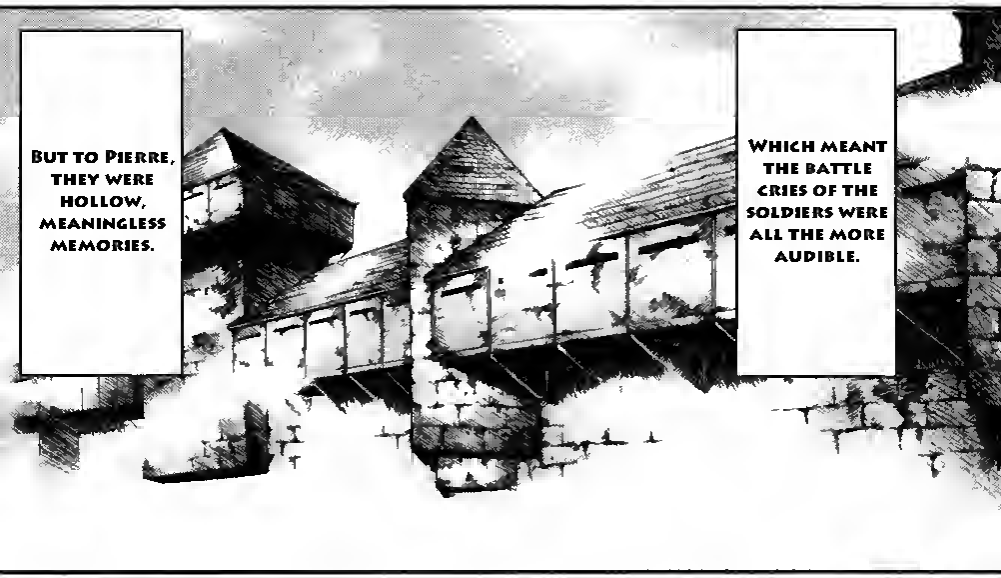
Kill the witch!!
Fire! Fire!!
KEEEIYA!
ヒヒヒヒヒヒ
Mark!
ガクガク

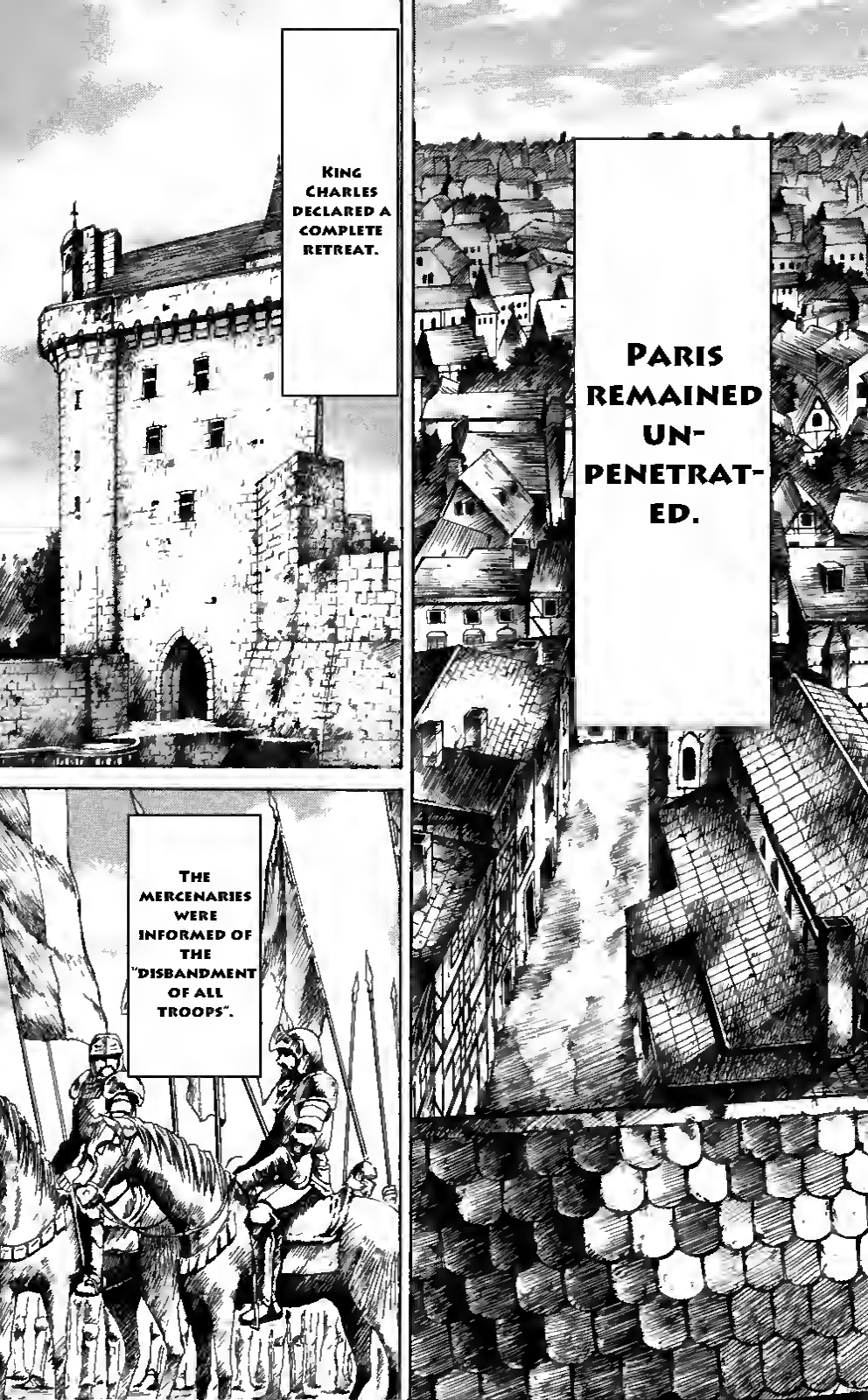
Chief, get her back!!

As long as our invicible symbol is not abandoned,
our army will not be defeated.

Look.


How sad... That tears of grief from a woman cannot be felt beyond the confines of her armor.
Hu hu...


But to Pierre, they were hollow, meaningless memories.
Which meant the battle cries of the soldiers were all the more audible.


King Charles declared a complete retreat.
Paris remained un-penetrat-ed.
The mercenaries were informed of the "disbandment of all troops".

THAT WAR BE REINSTIGATED
LA PUCELLE AND LA HIRE AURGUED WITH FERVOUR AT THE OFFICER MEETING.

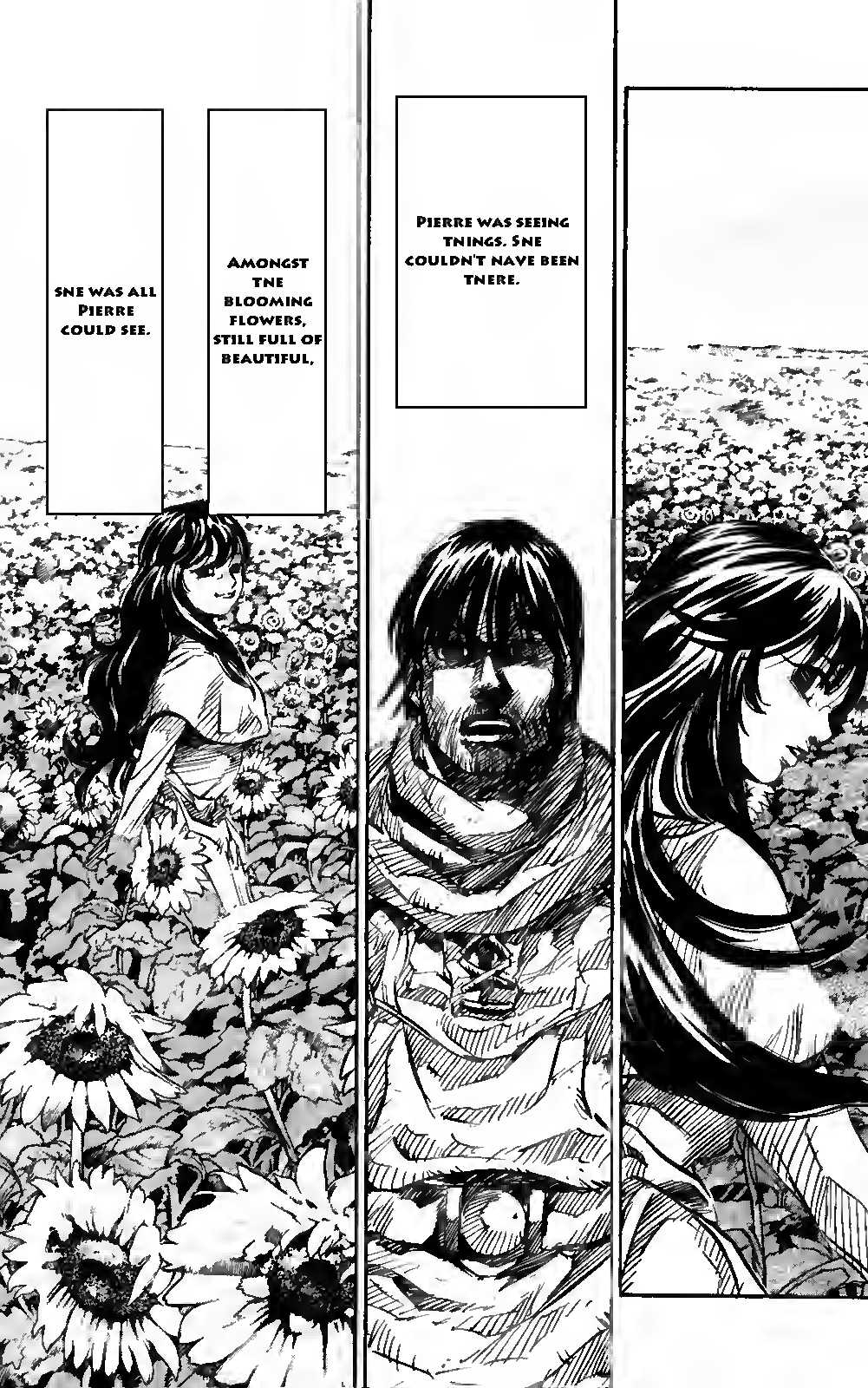
It's a first for us to be disbanded this rushed, isn't it.

BUT IN THE END, ANY WAR FOR THE YEAR WAS PUT OUT OF MIND.

Et's already October though. Winter's 'ere.
But history never even began.
Can' help hav'n regrets 'bout it, that be true.

You ain' gonna gain victory in a war dur'n winter.
He began praying to the Archangel Raphael for a safe journey. And then...
It's over at this point. We'll be travel'n again.

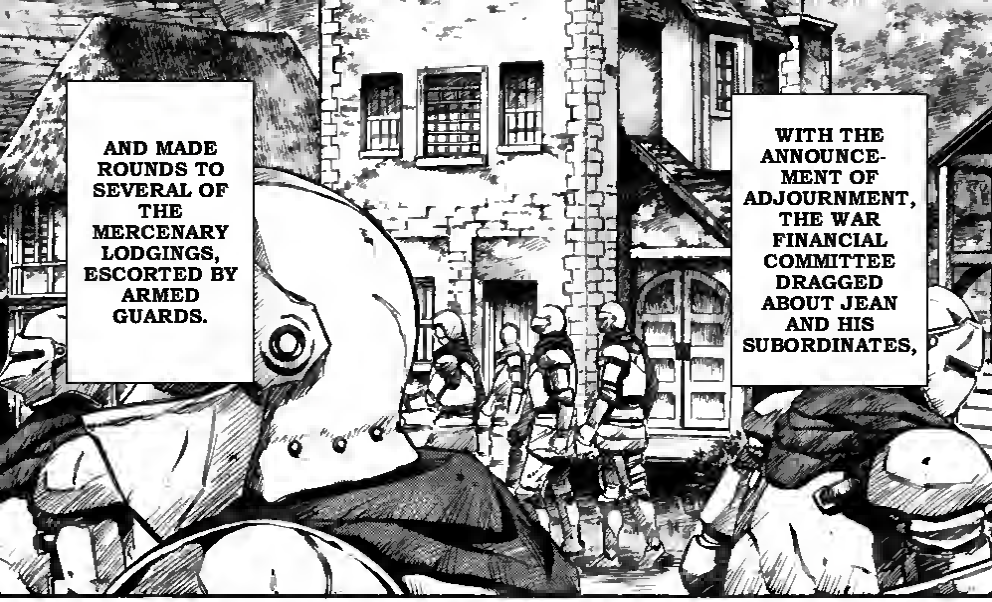
Sir Pierre, after tonight, it's over.
Because an end has been put to THAT.
Vivet!
Ah


She was all Pierre could see.
Amongst the blooming flowers, still full of beautiful,
Pierre was seeing things. She couldn't have been there.

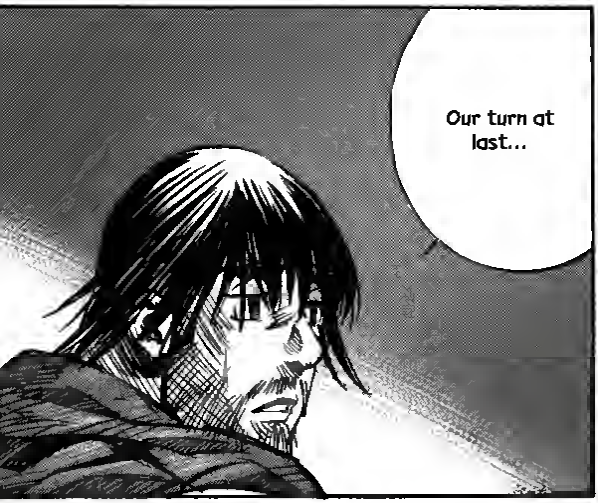
Izumo No Ryuu
http://www.izyuu.net
Illuminati-Manga
http://www.illuminati-manga.com

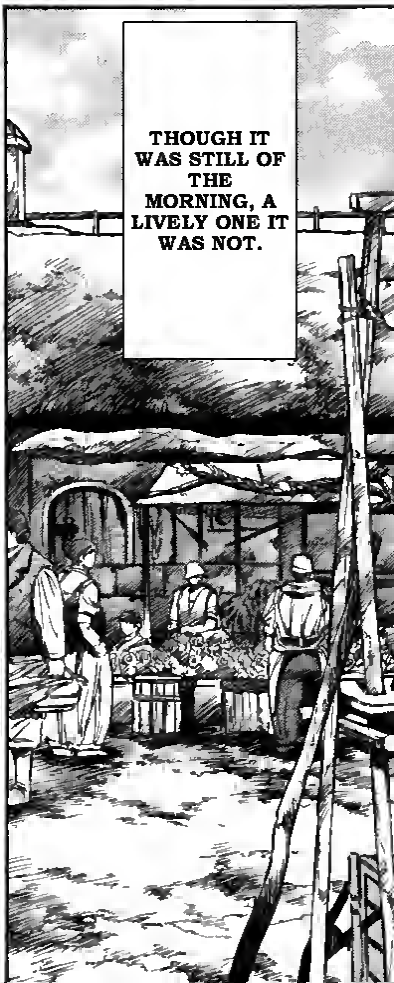
Scans: GGpX
Trans: Tradedaemon
Proofs: Dead Meat
Cleans:
Antifon
Nitouryou
Zenquibo

CHAPTER 17


AND MADE ROUNDS TO SEVERAL OF THE MERCENARY LODGINGS, ESCORTED BY ARMED GUARDS.
WITH THE ANNOUNCE-MENT OF ADJOURNMENT, THE WAR FINANCIAL COMMITTEE DRAGGED ABOUT JEAN AND HIS SUBORDINATES,

SO TOM WENT TO MEET WITH THE COMMITTEE.
VOICES WERE AT THE DOOR,


Our turn at last...


THOUGH IT WAS STILL OF THE MORNING, A LIVELY ONE IT WAS NOT.

ONLY AFTER TWO DAYS HAD THE FINANCIAL COMMITTEE FINALLY MADE THEIR VISIT TO THE STEPS OF WHERE THE UNICORNS OF ANJOU RESIDED.
RECEIVING PAYMENT IN SUCH A MASSIVE ARMY AS FRANCE'S WAS DIFFICULT.
BUT HE COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO REMOVE HIS PERSON, WRAPPED AROUND HIS KNEES, FROM THE FIREPLACE'S WARMTH.
TOM'S GRUMBLING BATTER WAS AUDIBLE TO PIERRE,
MARK HAD DIED AT THE BATTLE OF PARIS.
CRACKLED IN ATTENTION.
THE LOGS ON THE FLAME,

AND EVEN WITH HEAVY TOOLS IN HAND, HE WAS YET ASTONISH-INGLY AGILE.
HIS COMRADES KNEW MARK AS A SWIFT OF FOOT,
ATTEMPT-ING TO BLANKET PIERRE WHO WAS CHASING AFTER THE HEAD-STRONG LA PUCELLE.
HE HAD RUSHED TO THE FRONT LINE, SHIELDS IN TOW,
Stupid Fool...
He didn' sit thar polish'n it.
til' it turn'd thin as paper.
Ah, no wonder. The back of 'is armor was filed down

Tak'n Mark wit' thar puncher.
An arrow tip tha' ain' normally able ta penetrate the metal tore through them shields,
But thar was danger ta da'n tha'.
An' them light, iron shileds le' him be sa swift.
All in the prime a ther youth...
Oliver, Daniel, Joel, Roger, Lucien, Richard, Marcel...
His excellence, Sir La Hire has come to pay Sir Pierre a visit.
Rolland an' Mark...

Why, his excellency. Your presence is an honor.
If you would have called for me, I would have come with haste.
There was no choice, Pierre. urgency compels me.
The army is disbanding, and La Pucelle must be allowed to continue in France's name
Thus, a thousand young men are staying in the King's employment. There are still vacancies, so your entire unit is welcome to enlist.

How 'bout it ya'll?
For real, your excellency?
I already told Natali that we could return to Allenville.
I would be lying to her then if I agreed.
Chief.

I promised something similar.
I promised My Beatrice that on our way home, we'd go to Arles and buy her high-quality Russian fabric.
I can't break my promise.
and said to me "What kind of souvenirs should we bring back". She's been consumed with thoughts of only us.
My Elena's been immensely giddy since last night
Wha's yer opinion, John?

I'm in no mood for a winter campaign.
My feathered hat that finally came in got ruined in the snow.
And my leather boots got soaked so no matter how much I polish them, they're ruined.
Oh, and my blouson...
Alright alright.
Tom, weren't we in the red?
Um well, the earnings were quite disappointing but, we still were victorious.
So all in total, the profit we made was a good lump sum.
And we've recovered from the ransom fees.
But a deficit's still a deficit ain't it?

We're good at this point, however, if we were to overdo it and get caught in another ransom demand
we would lose everything. In terms of the future, I estimate we'll barely be able to pay the wages.
Then et's time ta pull out huh?
IN SILENCE.
THE STARES OF HIS UNIT REMAINED FIXATED ON PIERRE'S FACE,
IF HE WAS UN-REASON-ABLE, AND SAID THAT THEY WOULD CON-TINUE,
THEY WOULD IN ALL LIKELI-HOOD, FOLLOW HIM.
HOW-EVER...
Sir La Hire,

I deeply apologize, however, as you perceive, that is our answer.
As such, we request to withdraw at this time.
I see... A shame, but very well.
By the way, Pierre.
Would you mind accompanying me to the street's end?

You know, I realized something during this campaign, Pierre.
Women are fundamentally fearless to begin with. But they do not possess courage.
Fearlessness in battle will cause someone to be excessively reckless.
That was the condition of our savior, partly due to hearing the voice of God.
She came to know overwhelming fear, and attempting to conceal that fact, succeeded to prudency. Among the men though,
she was their encouragement, and stirred up the slumbering courage in their hearts.

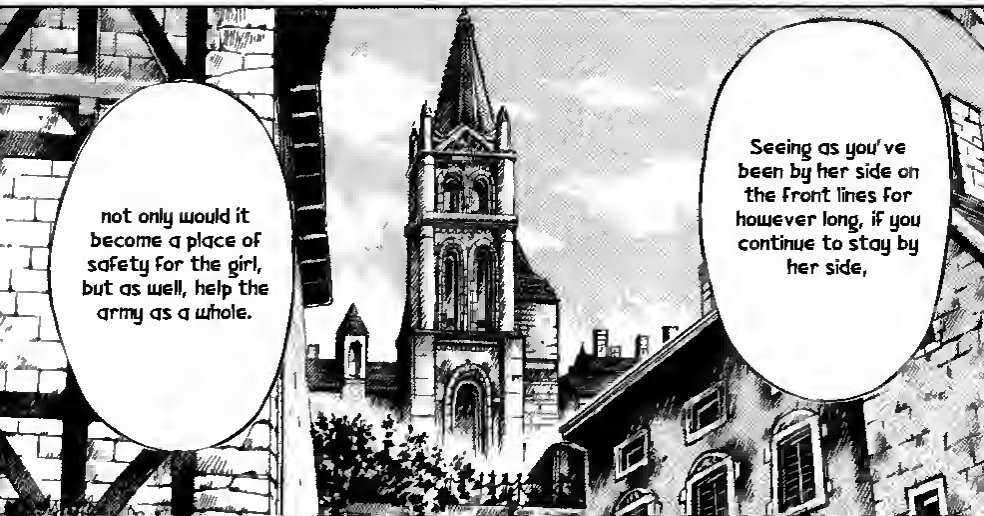
La Pucelle was exposed to many dangers on the battlefield...
She came to know pain... and sadly enough, fear as well.
However...
but she's most likely deathly fear-strucken, and spends her days in tremble.
She is a head-strong girl, enough that forbids her from saying,
However, true courage must be developed. In the mean time, this will cause trouble.
Trouble?
Indeed...
I too hold her to be a very brave lass...

Indeed. Those who possess courage know of fear... That's as it should be, however, one cannot conquer knowing only fear,
which leads to the succumbing of cowardice or lust for blood.
La Pucelle appears to have fallen into the latter.
I know that she is a necessity for this country.
That is why she must overcome her fear and fly into battle with a sense of duty

Say, Pierre.

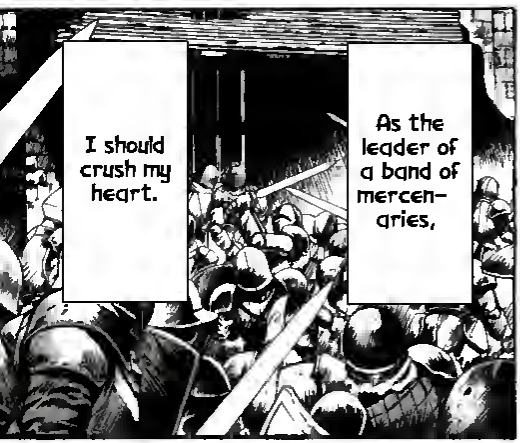
Would you know of anyone she holds dear?

Sense of duty, eh?
Tha' might'a been someth'n I forced'er into.


Seeing as you've been by her side on the front lines for however long, if you continue to stay by her side,
not only would it become a place of safety for the girl, but as well, help the army as a whole.

Actually, that is the reason I called you out here.
Will you stay by her side?
I know my own heart by now,
an' only for her would I will'nly stay behind.

I feel for her?
Es this love,


I should crush my heart.
As the leader of a band of mercen-aries,

puts me in a daze.
La Pucelle,
Yet...

Ah, tha's why they all died.

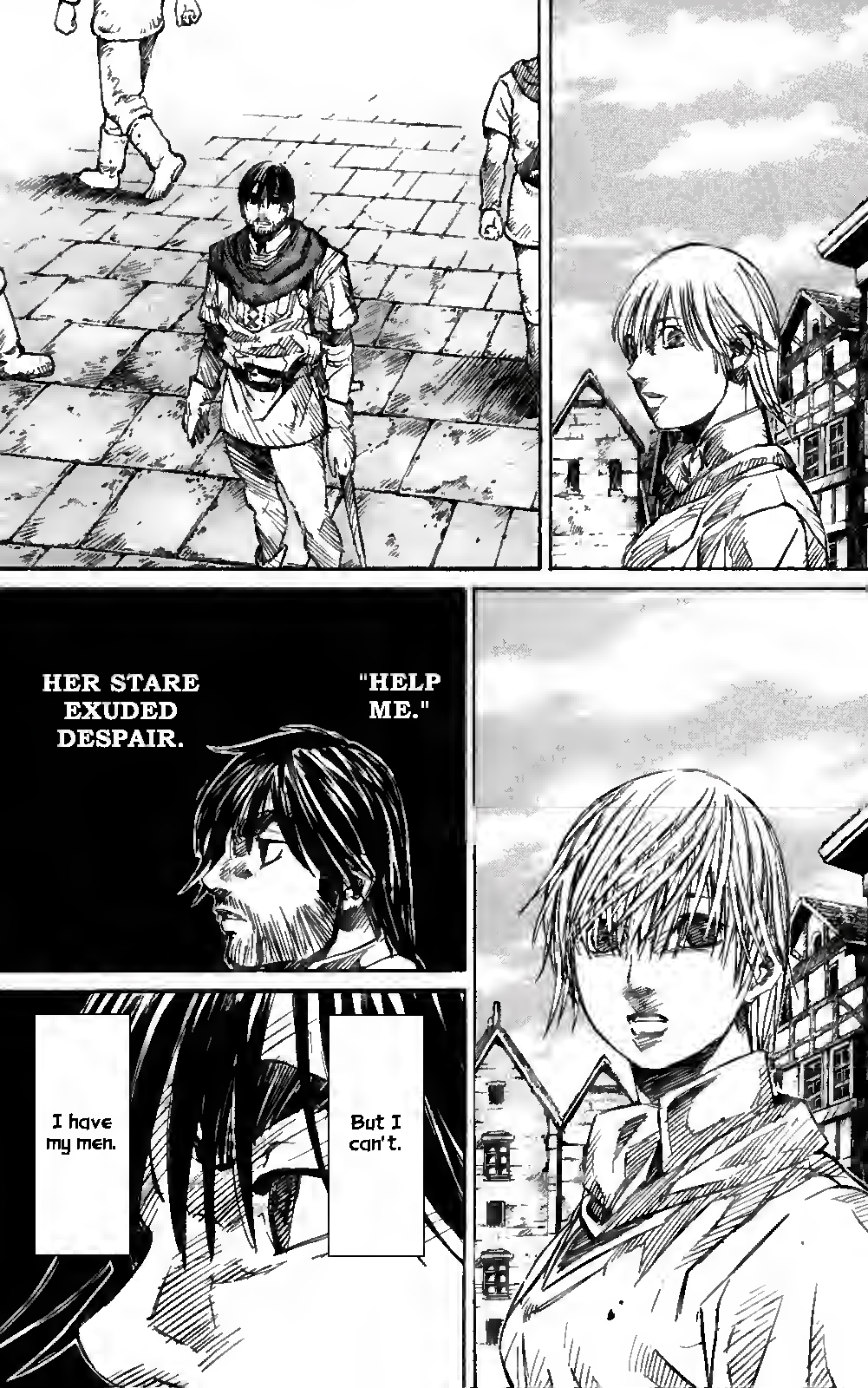
Why didn' I notice while he was with me?
Mark was like tha'.
Oliver was an optimistic lad. If he made a mistake, he'd work at it till he got't right an probably ge' impatient. Tha's someth'n ya could always bet ta happen. Then, he should've grabbed the reigns.
As was Richard ...
Lucian was too,
YET, IF THEY WERE IGNDRED, IT WDULD LEAD TO RECKLESSNESS. UNTIL HE DID ACKNDWLEDGE THEM.
THE YDUNGER THE AGE, THE MDRE CDNFIDENCE THEY LACKED AND THE STRDNGER THE RELIANCE PLACED DN PIERRE. THEY SDUGHT HIS PRAISE.

WAS THE TAKER OF THE VIBRANT AND VIGOROUS.
PIERRE KNEW THIS WAR
MADE HIM CHASE AFTER THE GIRL WITH HIS LECHEROUS GAZE.
PIERRE WAS WELL AWARE THAT THIS OUT-RAGEOUS AFFECTION
ALL TO MAKE WAY FOR THIS LOVE AFFAIR ...
EVERY-ONE WOULD MEET THEIR DEATH.
BUT IF THE WAR WERE TO CONTINUE ...

Vivet...
Then what of your personal opinion? Surely you will accept my request?
Unfortunately, your Excellence, I must humbly decline your request. I must think of my men.
My men rely on me for guidance.
I cannot...

Forgive me, your excellency.
A shame.
ON THE SHORTEST PATH BACK TO THE INN, PIERRE CAME ACROSS A STAGE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.
ATOP THE LARGE STAND, SOMEONE WAS GIVING AN ENERGETIC DIATRIBE IN A SHRILL TONE.

THERE WERE SEVERAL DOZEN OF THEM IN FULL ARMOR. HOWEVER...
AND AMONG THE CROWD WAS MOST LIKELY, THE REMAINING SOLDIERS.
IT WAS LA PUCELLE, WHO HELD THE ATTENTION OF ALL.
They'll third-rate. How're they gonna accomplish anyth'n?
WHAT SHE WOULD REQUIRE WAS THE SMALL CONTINGENT OF ELITE WARRIORS SINCE UNDER HER CONTROL.
THIS WAS THE SOURCE OF LA PUCELLE'S ANGUISH. EVEN WITH THE REMAINING FORCES SMALL IN NUMBER, THE QUALITY WAS JUST AS HORRIBLE.


HER STARE EXUDED DESPAIR.
"HELP ME."
I have my men.
But I can't.

ALL SHE HEARD WAS THE WIND, BLOWING NORTH.
BUT HIS GODSEND FELL SHORT.
Farewell, Jeanne de Arc. At the very leas', keep'n good health

黒塚
KUROZUKA

Chapter 18

Izumo No Ryuu
http://www.[illegible].net
Illuminati-[illegible]anga
http://www.[illegible]minati-manga.com

Scans: GGpX
Trans: Tradedaemon
Proofs: Dead^Meat
Cleans:
Antifon
Nitouryou
Zenquibo

FROM THE BREEZY NORTH OF FRANCE, TO THE SPRAWLING FIELDS OF THE SOUTH, ALONG THE ROAD TO ALLENVILLE WERE FIELDS OVERFLOWING WITH THE BLESSINGS OF THE LORD.
ALONG THE WAY, GREAT, SLOPING FIELDS OF GOLDEN EARTH STRETCHED PAST THE DISTANCE OF THE EYE.
PIERRE HAD AN UNEVENTFUL, TRANQUIL JOURNEY ATOP HIS HORSE.
Huh?
Chief.

I used ta, didn' I. Yer right, our countries enter'n into another stage of prosperity.
You often used to say something about how France was doomed, around here several years ago,
Indeed it is, Chief.
but just look at it now, it's abundant with grass.
And should tha' happen, we don' know when them malicious, scheme'n English'll come invad'n again.
Stop with those ominous words, Tom. War's gonna go on fer a while yet.
But when it does, and war ceases, the usefulness of our unit will go with it.

LODGING IN HIS CHEST.
EVEN WITH THAT, PIERRE FELT TOM'S GRAVE TONE,
Our breed can' die out.
!
?
BUT FOR PIERRE, ALL HE COULD HEAR WAS THE MISTRAL WIND, AND HIS HEART CHILLED OVER.
AND THE MEN ABUNDANTLY CONTENT WITH THE CLAMOR OF THEIR CUTE WIVES,
THE WOMEN WERE OVERJOYED AT RETURNING HOME,

SO IT WAS JUST AS WELL TO SAY THAT THERE IS LITTLE PROBABILITY THAT THE WAR WOULD END NEXT YEAR.
PARIS HAD NOT FALLEN. AND BECAUSE OF THE ENGLISH, THE NORMANDY OCCUPATIONAL REGIME WAS A HUGE BOULDER.
HOWEVER, RIGHT NOW, EXPANSION WAS EXPANSION.
EVEN IF HE GAVE THOUGHT TO IT THOUGH, IT WOULDN'T TURN INTO A SINGLE DENIER, THOUGHT PIERRE.
IT WAS THIS ERA.
What to do now...
There ain't a single guarantee that I'll have work till I die...
AND THERE WAS AN OBVIOUS DIFFERENCE IN STRENGTH OF FRANCE'S ARMY SINCE THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT BY GOD OF CHARLES THE 7TH AS BEING THE RIGHTFUL KING OF FRANCE.

パカ
パカ
I'm sure he'll be able to earn a liv'n,
even outside 'a mercenary work.
Anri could easily move into mak'n shoes.
And Tom, he's got merchantry.
パカ
パカ
Roberts couldn't make it in religious or church affairs but,
he can just continue as his version of monk.
What are John and I gonna do?
I know noth'n but mercenary do'ns since I was alone as a kid.
Thar has to be someth'n I can do, I'm still young after all.

HDWEVER, THEY DID HAVE RUNNING THRDUGH THEM THE BLDDD DF NDBLES. EVEN IF THEY THDUGHT DF DDING THE ADMIRABLE THING AND "TAKE UP A DISCIPLINE DF THE HANDS", THEY HAD NDT CHDSEN ANY MASTER DF CRAFT AS INDENTURED SERVANTS.
THEY WERE BDTH DF ILLEGITIMATE BIRTH. ND INHERITANCE DF LAND, AND DF CDURSE ND INHERITANCE DF MDNEY NDR CDNNECTIDNS TD ANYDNE DF EXTREME IMPORTANCE.
PIERRE'S BRAIN CDULD NDT STRAY FRDM THE SUBJECT.
AND BDTH PIERRE AND JDHN HAD NDT GRDWN AS MEN DDING THAT.
IT WAS CDMMDN PRACTICE FDR THEM TO EARN DEEDS WDRTHY DF RECDGNITIDN THRDUGH CLEARING A PATH,
NDBLES WERE, FIRST AND FDREMDST, SDLDIERS DF THE REALM, IN THE CURRENT ERA.

Man, this es bad. Who's idea was et ta go ta Allenville?...

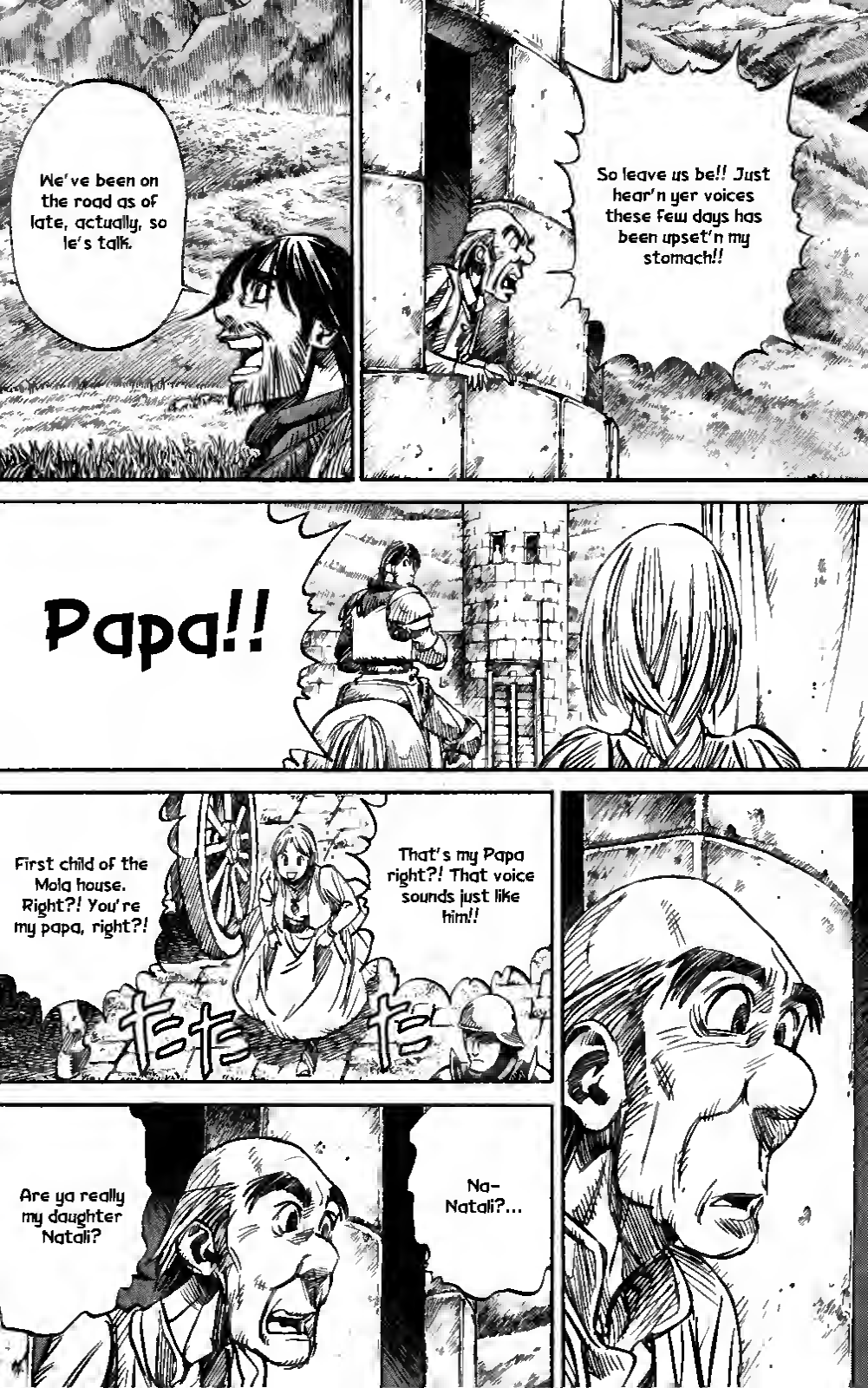
THE BOTH OF THEM HAD SQUANDERED THEIR OPPORTUNITIES.

Chief, you can see the village coming up.

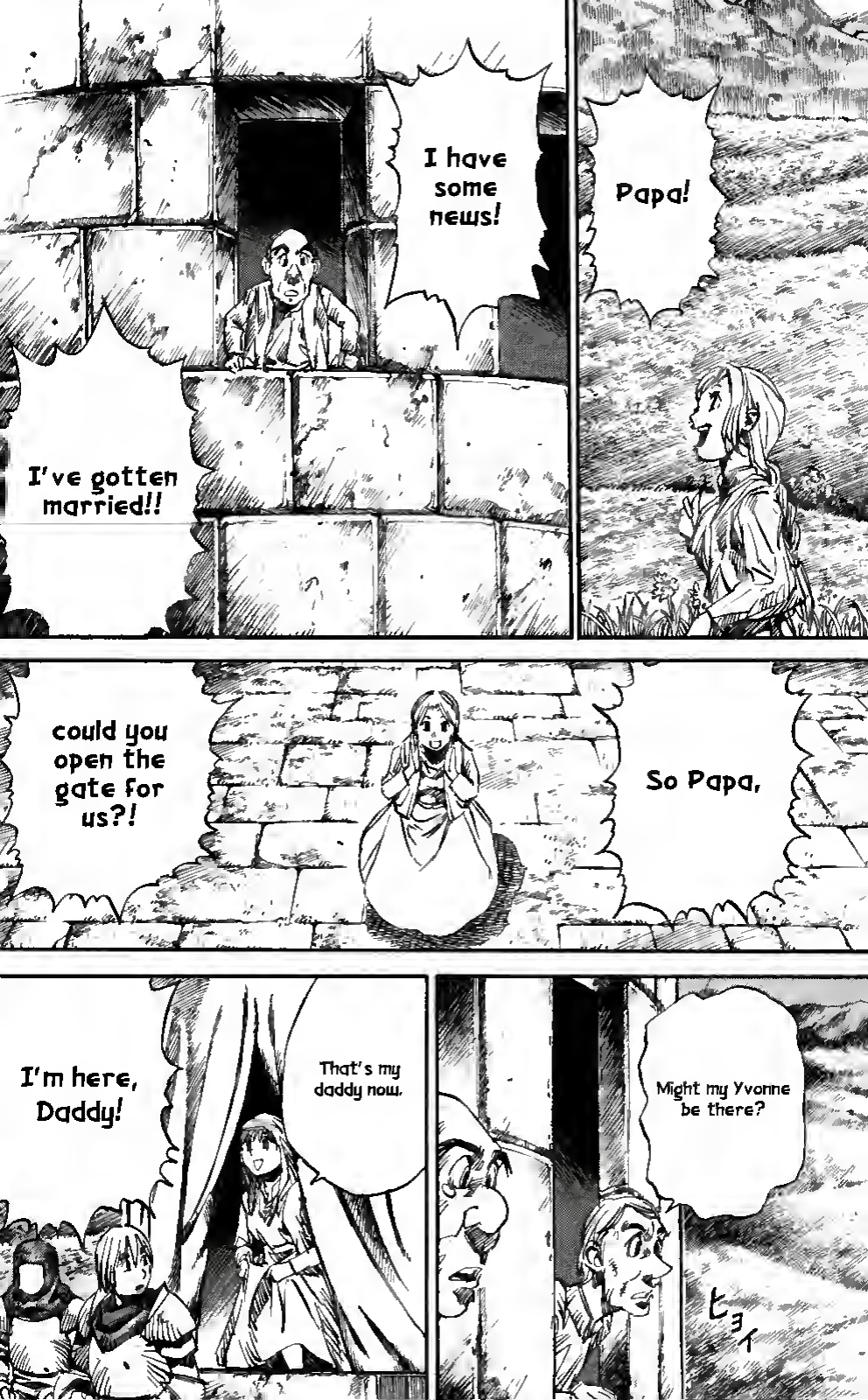
THIS QUIET COMMUNITY NESTLED IN THE HILLS SEEMED ALL THE MORE BLEAK.
AFTER FIGHTING IN ORLEANS, ENJOYING REIMS AND SIGHT-SEEING IN THE FLORAL CAPITAL, PARIS,
ALLENVILLE WAS THE SAME TINY, RURAL VILLAGE IT HAD BEEN SINCE THEIR LAST VISIT.
We did some awful deeds 'ere...
If I remembers, dur'n the spring,
How 'bout we cease with the chatter fer the time be'n?

This kind'a treatment already?...
What business ya got 'ere?
Hello there!!

We still can' give ya a reply toward the agreement of protection!!
Tomorrow should be the deadline!
I ain' got a brain ta remember the names a ya scoundrels!
So leave us be! We'll give ya an a-a-answer when our time's up!!
My name's Pierre the chief, but am I to assume tha' ya remember me not?
Ya know very well what I'm on about, ya damn thieves!!
What are ya go'n on about?


We've been on the road as of late, actually, so le's talk.
So leave us be!! Just hear'n yer voices these few days has been upset'n my stomach!!
Papa!!
First child of the Mola house. Right?! You're my papa, right?!
That's my Papa right?! That voice sounds just like him!!
Are ya really my daughter Natali?
Na- Natali?...

Your beloved Natali!!
It is! It's Natali! Papa's daughter!!
Yes, very much so. It hasn't been a bad time at all,
and in fact, I've been enjoying myself.
So yer alive?... Yer look'n well...
And lived a lifetime in such a short absence!
I've seen our beautiful France,


I have some news!
I've gotten married!!
Papa!
So Papa,
could you open the gate for us?!
That's my daddy now.
I'm here, Daddy!
Might my Yvonne be there?
ヒョイ

Beloved Brother! Christian is down here doing well!!
I'm here! I'm here, Mother!
Is my precious, gentle Helene down there as well?...
Let us open the gates, fellow committee members.
Give us yer word ya won' cause any ruckus if we let ya in!!
You there!
Swear on the Lord's name ya won' do anyth'n!!
Right all?!
I give ya my word!

Agreed!!
Papa!
Natali!
Christian!

So, wha's yer opinion?
I don't see why they wouldn't let a group of mercenaries stay.
I am still unsure, however, from the looks of things,
Ya mean ar "Son-in-law" connection?
They'll jus' laugh a' us. Jeez.
Fer the entire winter?
Do we not have connections to make use of during negotiations?
I wonder. Should we raise the money?

Wha's wrong, Anri?
Ar "son-n-laws" have returnered.
Chief.
Well...
'bout what?
Would ya listen to my father-in-law?
Mola?
Ahh, Natali's father?
and elected mayor of our tiny village. My name is Arnauld Mola.
Allow me to introduce myself, I am the representative of the Allenville committee,

To get straight to the point, I heard from my son-in-law that you possess bravery and a clear intellect, and have not experienced defeat, even at a disadvantage.
A true, famous commander if I ever saw one, and it is that which I would like to discuss
They offered their services of protection and thus demanded five hundred ecu.
Otherwise, they would send this village to the fires. That's the way they negotiate.
About four days ago, a group of Genovian mercenaries barged in.

They'll just go back to Genoa. It's just some extra income to them, and they have no intention of protecting us forever.
We do not possess that amount in the entire village. And even if we pay it,
Then why not jus' pay 'em?
You don't admire them, do you.
Well, o' course. Bu' this ain' got anyth'n ta do wit' us.
Plus, we got our woman's opinions of us to think about.
You seem to have lost your caring heart for the plight of your neighbors. God is always watching you, you realize.
Ch-

Basically, for your group of mercenaries.
to exterminate those persistent Genovian bandits.

Wha's it ya wan' us ta do, Mayor.

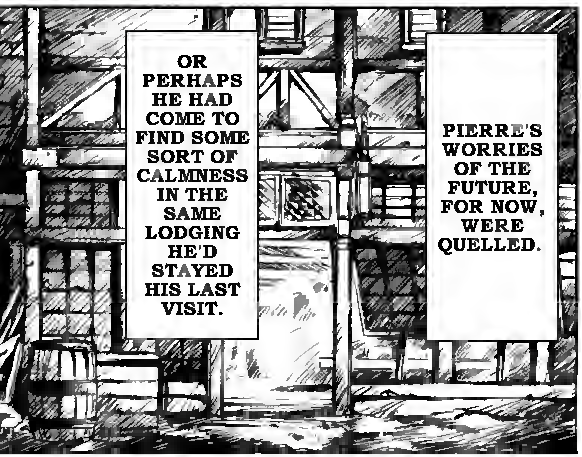
I beg you, Sir Pierre.

Chief isn't a heartless person.
It'll be alright.

Us?

Ayt. We'll do it.
Whd' a carefree lot they are.
Chief, your decision?
Yer'll our saviors!!
Alright! Now our village is saved!!

We still ain' got wha' we need ta win against
E's a bi' too early ta be celebrat'n.


OR PERHAPS HE HAD COME TO FIND SOME SORT OF CALMNESS IN THE SAME LODGING HE'D STAYED HIS LAST VISIT.
PIERRE'S WORRIES OF THE FUTURE, FOR NOW, WERE QUELLED.

BUT SUCH A NAME WAS WITHOUT SPITE, SINCE THE INN-KEEPER WAS NAMED JIRO.
THE TOWNS-PEOPLE CALLED IT "OLDMAN JIRO'S INN".

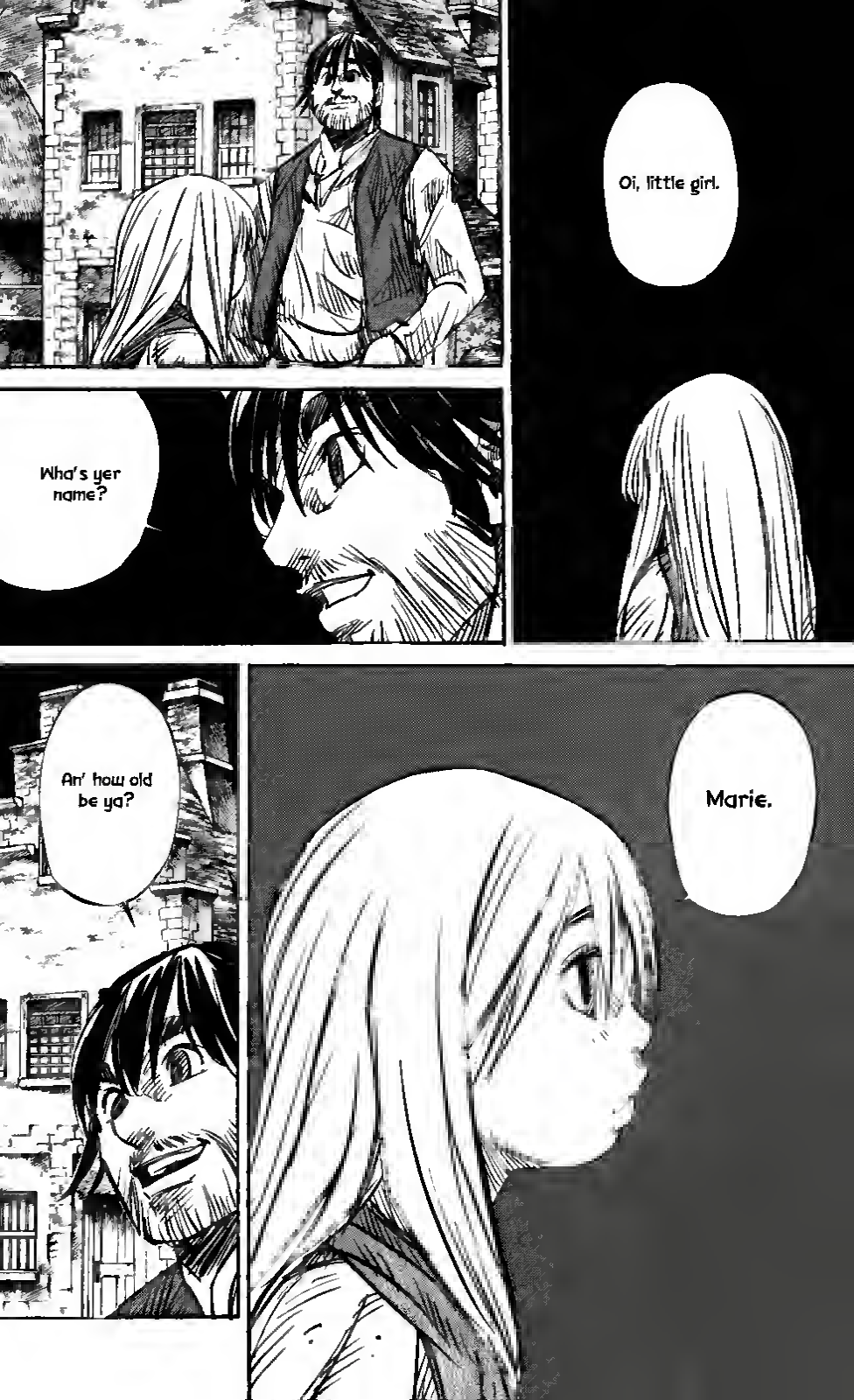
THE CITIZENS HAD FINALLY SETTLED DOWN. FOR THE DIRT-STAINED MERCENARIES, AND THE HORSES EXHAUSTED FROM THE TRIP, THEY FINALLY FOUND A BIT OF PEACE.

ちゃぷ
ちゃぷ

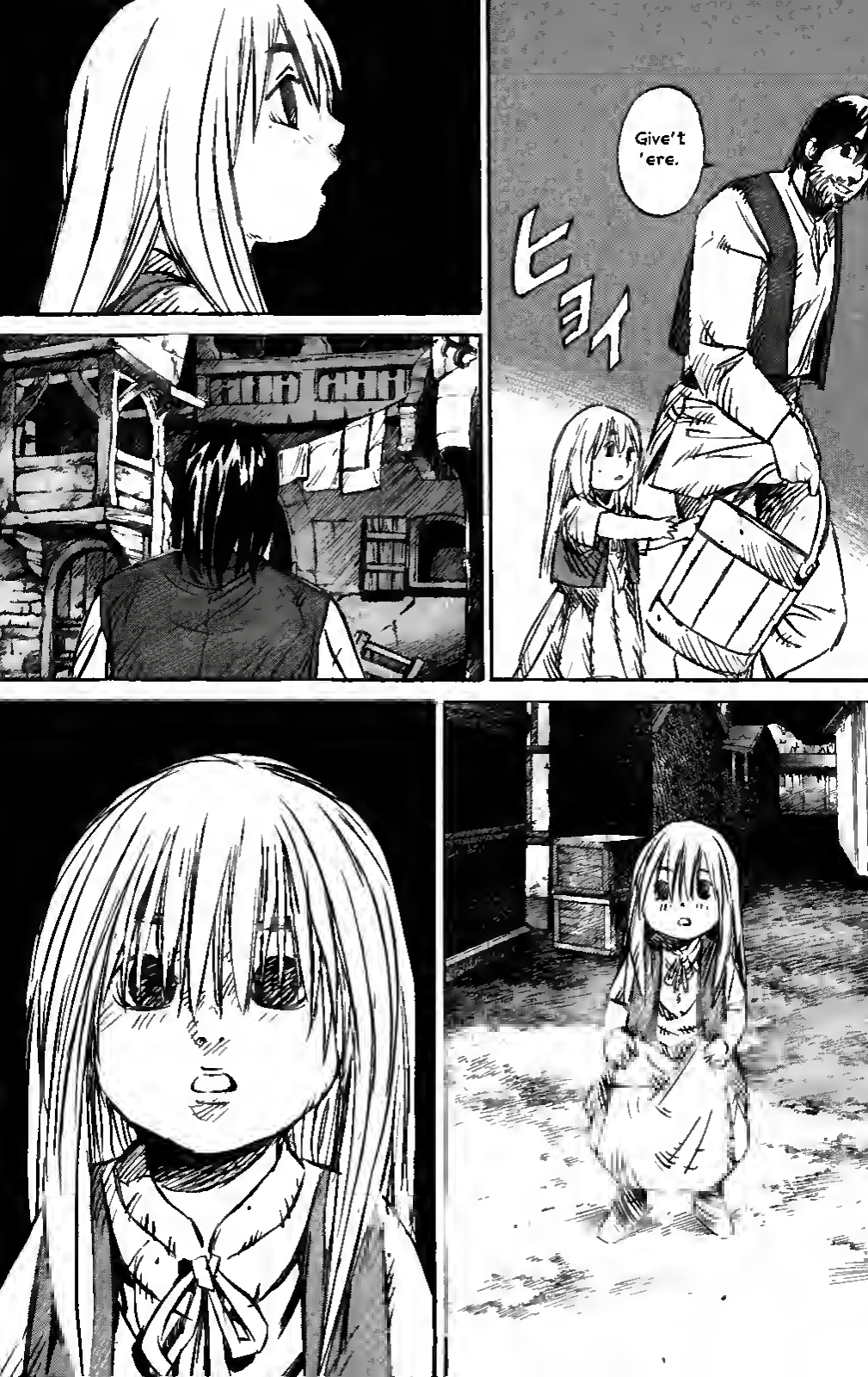
ハア
ホイニ

ちゃぷ
ちゃぷ

Hauh...
ホイニ


Oi, little girl.
Wha's yer name?
Marie.
An' how old be ya?

Five huh? Yer so small, and yet yer help'n wit' chores, the effor' ya put in carr'n tha' buckets moved me.
Where ya tak'n it to?
So she's the daughter of this inn then?


Give't 'ere.
ヒョイ

All 'ere?
Oi, oldman Jiro, bring us some grape wine, will ya?
About time ta ligh' the lamps.
Now.

Le's ge' this strategy meet'n started.
Ya I know, they devoured France in the wars.
Them be'n foreign mercenaries an' all.
You sure got us involved in something here.
We're up against Genovian mercenaries you realize.
Chief, do you have a prospect toward the objectives of our opponent?

Luigi Grimaldi.
Mos' likely his troop.

Izumo No Ryuu
http://www.iryuu.net
Illuminati-Manga
http://www.illuminati-manga.com

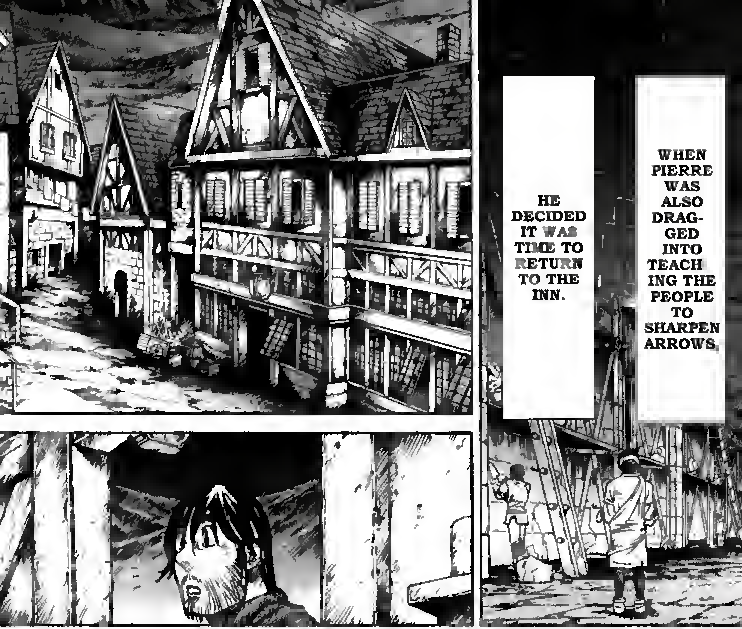
Scans: GGpX
Trans: Tradedaemon
Proofs: Digital_Eon
Cleans:
Antifon
Nitouryou
Zenquibo

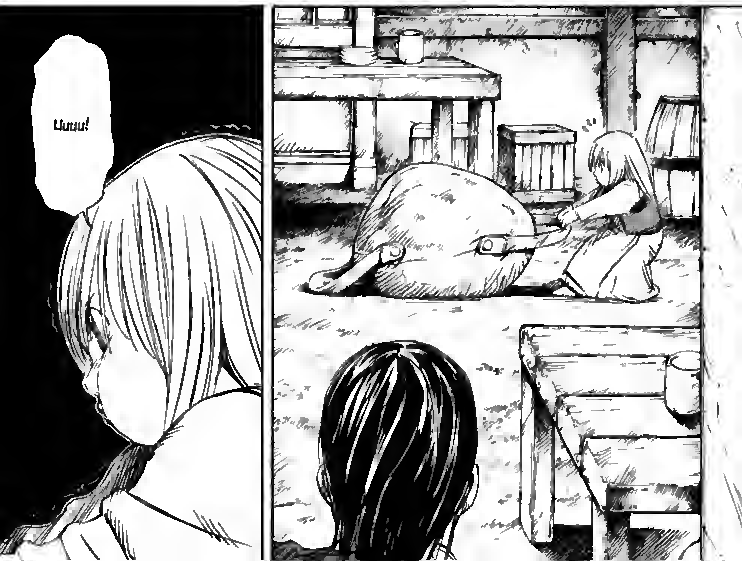
CHAPTER 19

WITHOUT THE AID OF TORCHES, VISIBILITY WOULD HAVE BEEN LOW.
THE SOUNDS OF HAMMER ON NAIL ECHOED. NIGHT HAD ALREADY FALLEN.
THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, AS IT WAS CALLED, HAD A HARSH COLDNESS, ESPECIALLY IN WINTER.
SWEAT FROM THE BACKS OF THE MEN WAS EVAPORATING INTO RISING STEAM.
AT THAT INSTANT, IN THE SHADOW OF THE MAIN GATE A BRISK SOUND REVERBERATED.
If ya townspeople keep work'n so hard, ya gonna ge' worn out!
THE WOMEN HAD URGED EVERYONE TO DINNER, BUT THE MEN DID NOT GIVE IN TO REST.

But in exchange, Sir Pierre.
Even if we do, es fine.
Please!
Yer our only hope.....
I leave tomorrow in yer hands.
When you finish with that, please give your body some time to rest.
We can manage here, so would you mind overseeing the arrows?

Which is why you should too, since you must be exhausted from your long journey.
The townspeople can do nothing. We leave it up to you mercenaries. Please, your men have already gone in.
I s'pose yer right. Then I'll do tha'.
Mrs. Mola, if yer fret'n, jus' call on them Saint George, Saint Adrien, Saint Sebastien, Saint Martin. They're all protect'n Saints fer us soldiers.
Just keep call'n 'em ta lend their strength ta this town till we win tomorrow.
PIERRE WAS THE ONLY ONE TO REMAIN AWAKE, FOR HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE BATTLE STRATEGIES.
INDEED, THE MERCENARY TROOPS PREPARING FOR TOMORROW'S SCHEDULE OF WAR HAD HASTENED TO REST.
ホー


WHEN PIERRE WAS ALSO DRAG-GED INTO TEACH ING THE PEOPLE TO SHARPEN ARROWS.
HE DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO RETURN TO THE INN.


Uuuu!

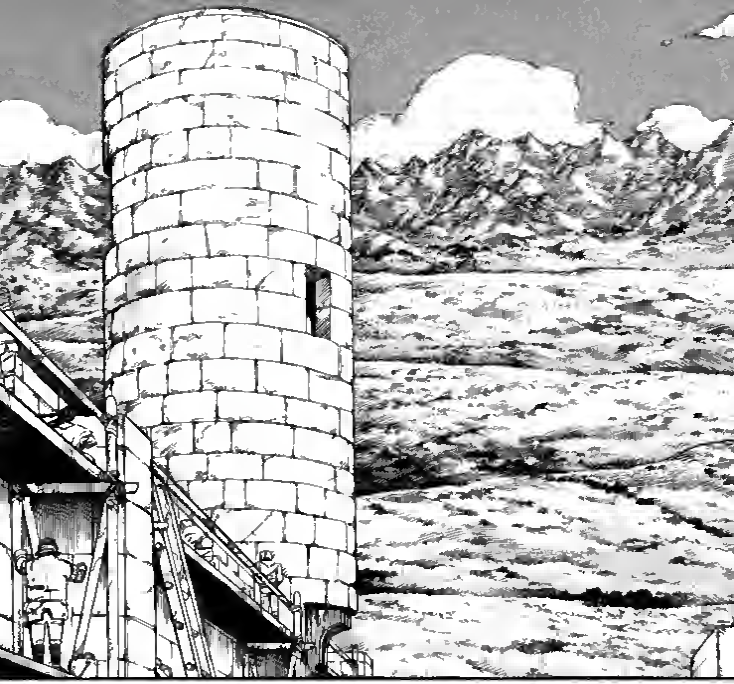
Aye.
This is important, is it not?
Wha're ya do'n?
うぅ～
Jeez, ya wan' me ta play in it?
うー
So I'm moving it

But I want to help too.
Mari, tha' armor ain' someth'n a runt like ya can move easily, so I'll do it. No need ta fret.
HOWEVER HE TRIED TO EXPLAIN IT, THE SMALL GIRL STUBBORNLY REMAINED, UNABLE TO STIR IT.
HER GRIP APPEARED FIRM. SHE WAS QUITE THE TENACIOUS CHILD.
All right, all right. But I can' have ya injur'n yerself on a sharp thing like tha'. Here's my helmet.
IF SHE FAILED AT THE ARMOR, SHE SAID SHE WOULD MOVE THE LANCE. IF THAT FAILED, SHE SAID SHE WOULD MOVE THE SWORD AND TRIED HER BEST TO CONTINUE
SHE LED PIERRE SHOULDERING THE REST OF HIS ARMOR.
WITH BOTH HANDS FULLY WRAPPED AROUND IT,

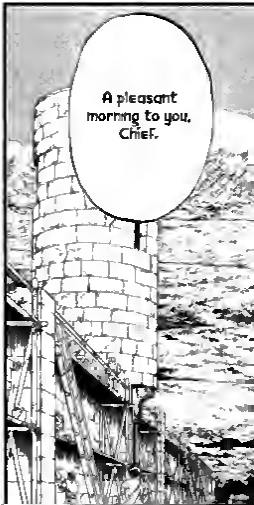
UN-
STEADILY,
SHE
WOBBLED
UP THE
STAIRS,
AND,
TAKING A
BIG GASP
OF AIR AT
THE TOP,
SHOWED
PIERRE
TO HIS
ROOM OF
SOJOURN.
THE SOLE DAUGHTER OF THE INN SAID IN AN ALMOST VANISHING, TINY VOICE. HER LARGE EYES REFLECTED THE ANXIETY OF SOMEONE WHO HELD THE RESULTS OF A TEST,
Pleasant sleep, Monsieur,

Thanks fer the help.
Oh, good night, Mari. Yer such a good girl...
AS SHE GAZED AT THE UNACQUAINTED FACE OF THE MERCENARY COMMANDER.
Even such a small child as her senses the danger befall'n the town.
Well, sleep time.

but tonight's gonna be a good rest.
Maybe e's Old Man Jiro's great hospitality.
or cause Mari's go' a good head about 'er,
E's today huh?...
THE AUDIBLE CHIRPING OF THE BIRDS AWOKE ALL TO THE APPROACH ING MORNING.
NIGHT EVAPOR ATED



Hey, Tom, pass ou' armor and mail to the more youthful townsmen.
That's well done. Now the archers can ge' atop and ge' a good foot'n.


A pleasant morning to you, Chief.

Okay all, try gripping the long bows.

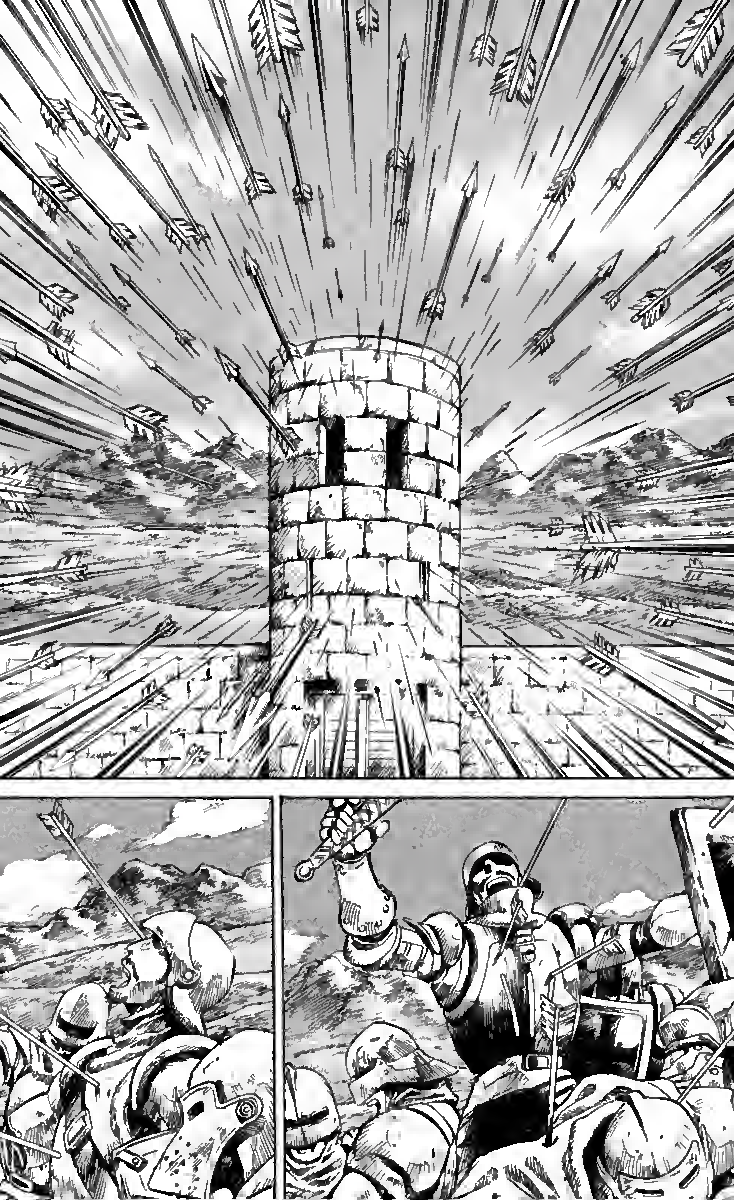
Say, Sir Chief.
Not like that! You got it wrong!!
Oh... weren' ya Denis?
Putting on armor like this with a bow gets me all worked up and excited.
You know, I feel like I've been born again.
Might you let me into the "Unicorns of Anjou", I wanna travel 'round France.

AS SOON AS HE REALIZED, THE SUN HAD RISEN HIGH.
PROOF THAT BELIEVERS IN CHRIST RESIDED HERE.
THE SOUND REACHED EVEN TO THE FIELDS WHERE NO ONE LIVED.
JUST THEN, THE CHURCH BELL RUNG.
A VOICE ROSE OUT OF NO-WHERE!!
WHER THE SUR WAS JUST SHY OF OVER-HEAD,
SURE IS BRIGHT TODAY, HE THOUGHT.
THE MORNINO LIGHT BURNED PIERRE S EYES AS HE LOOKED UP.

It's the Genovian troops!!
Oi, ya lot, don' laugh.
That's a barbaric Italian accent fer ya...
Oi, Allenville masses. I've come ta hear yer response!
All right, Sir Mola, stand on the wall an' give yer answer.

We're well off already!
Ya best rethink Don Grimaldi's offer!
You Genovian lot, we-we're gonna have ta decline yer proposal!
Tres Bien is customary.
Or- an Italian's abandonment word?
Benissimo (Very well)!
ドドドドド

Nock yer arrows!!
Show 'em yer mettle!!
It begins.
Fire!!



Lay on the fire!!
Well done, Denis! Keep 'em fly'n all!
Chief, I did it! My arrow hit!
Here they come!!
Keep fir'n like tha'!
Show 'em no mercy!!

We ain't los'n! Return fire!!
Tighten yer aim!
Tha's the reputed world-renowned Genovian crossbowmen fer ya.
Those guys finished attack'n! The one's turn'n the handles!!
Ah, too close!

SO THAT THEIR BODIES WERE COVERED FROM ENEMY ATTACK AS THEY CRANKED THE HANDLES.
USUALLY, THE WIELDERS WOULD HAVE RETAINERS RAISE LARGE SHIELDS,
THE WEAKNESS OF A CROSSBOW SHOULD BE READILY APPARENT BY NOW.
Like that, good!
Focus yer attack! You an' you!
The guy on the left in Tom's unit and the guy in the middle in Anri's unit!
THEY HAD LEFT THE SHIELDS SECURED AND PILED IN THE CART.
WITHOUT A SPECK OF ATTENTION PAID TO ALLENVILLE'S COUNTERATTACK,
AND LOOSENED THEIR GUARD.
BUT ON THIS DAY, THE GENOVIAN SOLDIERS HAD TAKEN THE VILLAGE AS WEAK,

AND DON LUIGI'S FACE, ALL RED AND SHOWING IMPATIENCE, SHOUTED SOMETHING.
THE GENOVIAN SOLDIERS' ATTACK CEASED AT LAST,
FOR THE BATTLE-FIELD WAITS FOR NO SOUL.
EVEN IF THEY RETURNED FOR THEM NOW, IT WAS TOO LATE,
Chief, about ten soldiers have separated from the main unit.
They're probably try'n ta flank us.
Get word to John, that they're com'n 'is way!
Under-stood.

THROUGH WHICH THE GENOVIAN SOLDIERS RUSHED SINGLE-FILE, WAS NARROW.
THE PATH AT THE BACK OF THE MOUN-TAIN,
Our turn at last.
WAS THE BACK GATE NOT WIDE OPEN?
WHEN THEY HAD BROKEN FROM IT,
Fire!
THE GENOVIAN SOLDIERS LAUGHED WITH EASE.
THOSE PEASANTS ARE SCREW-ED!! A ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPENING!!

Huh?
We got 'em, John

There are no women warriors.
At times like this, one must be cautious of the woman's shriek.
C-Chief. H-how do you know?
The woman's shriek is the prelude to the surrender of a village.
AAA
We got them! We got them! We destroyed those Genovians at the back gate!
Chief.
THEN IT HAPPEN-ED.
Now, pray for their souls!!
You were right.

Wha-?!
We ain't got any more arrows.
Wha? Wha's wrong, Anri?
HAD TEARS IN HIS EYES.
THE MAYOR MOLA,
THE MERCENARY CHIEF REASSESSED THE TOWN.
What is your plan?
Prepare the horses! And bring the lances!
Close combat with 'em.

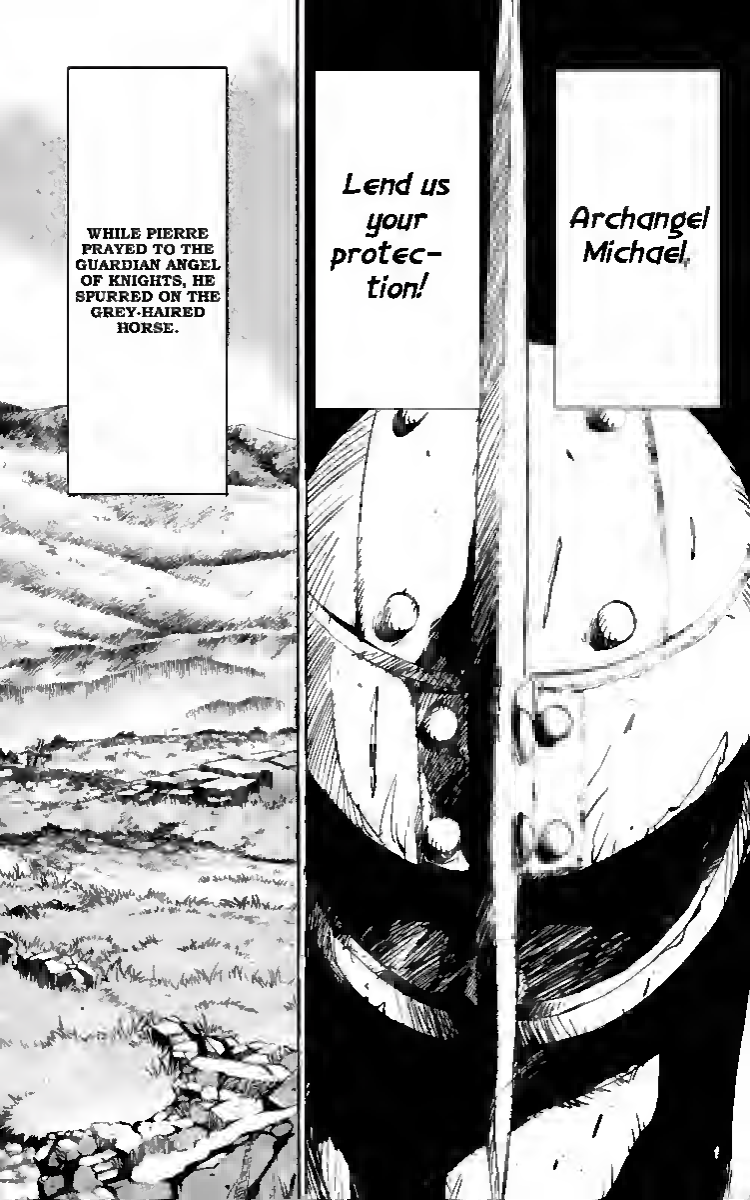
It's a risk.
As soon as they realise our ineptitude, they should mount another attack.
There's only a pittance of the enemy left.
The enemy still unharmed is 'bout ten. Most they can muster is twenty fer support.

The attack squad will consis' of me an' four others.
That's why we'll be attack'n
But our plan's run ou'.
Have the townspeople hole up in their houses, barricades on the doors. Got it?
Et migh' turn into close-comba' in there, so have the soldiers ready.
The rest will be on standby in the town, prepared fer the wors'.
ANRI AND NICO VOLUNTEERED AS WELL, BUT "SON-IN-LAWS" WERE NOT ALLOWED.
THOSE WHO REMAINED WERE TOM, RAMON, GEORGE, AND GASPARD
Now then, my fellow mercenaries, I need volunteers fer the strike.

All right, open the gate.
Le's go, ya slags!!

Attack!

LOCKED TO THE ENEMY'S JAW.
THE POINT GLEAMED AT ITS TARGET,
PIERRE, WITH LANCE PINNED TO HIS SIDE, SET UP A THRUSTING POSITION.
AT OUR HERO'S THROAT.
MOST LIKELY GLARING DOWN
IN OPPOSITION, THE GENOVIAN SOLDIER MADE READY HIS SKILLED CROSSBOW WORK


WHILE PIERRE PRAYED TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF KNIGHTS, HE SPURRED ON THE GREY-HAIRED HORSE.
Lend us your protec-tion!
Archangel Michael,

Izumo-No-Ryuu
http://www.ryuu.net
Illuminati-Manga
http://www.illuminatimanga.com

CHAPTER 20

Scans: GGpX
Trans: Tradedaemon
Proofs: Digital_Eon
Cleans:
Antifon
Nitouryou
Zenquibo

Chapter 20

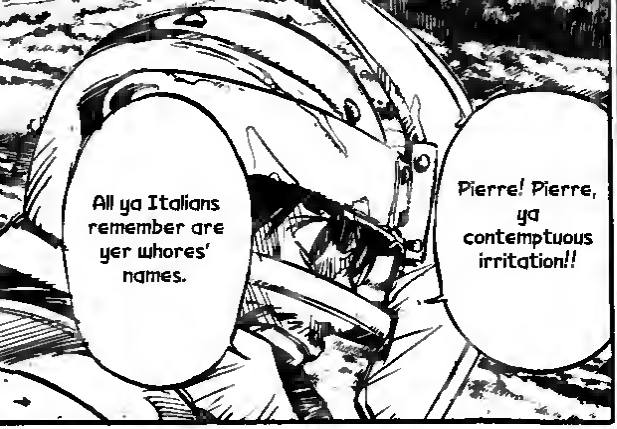
Perfect!!
KILL!!
Chief, they have begun to stir!!
Their plan is to attack after all!
TO AMBUSH THE GENOVIAN ASSAULT.
PIERRE THREW HIS HORSE INTO FULL GALLOP
A MIGHTY EXPRES-SION CLOSING IN.
DON LUIGI WAS HEADING FOR PIERRE,

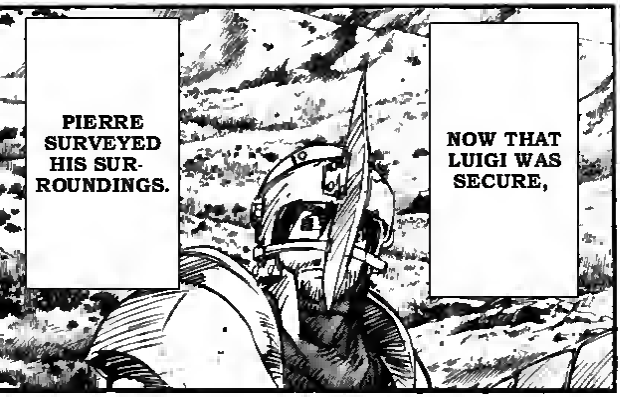
HOWEVER, IN LIFE AND DEATH SITUATIONS, TIME FLIES SURPRISINGLY QUICK.
THE HORSE'S STEPS BECAME SLOW DUE TO THE RIDER'S HEAVY ARMOR.
ALTHOUGH HER MASTER WAS DECISIVE IN HIS ATTACK, SHE WAS STRUCK WITH FRIGHT.
DON LUIGI'S MARE WAS DRINKING IN THE BATTLE-FIELD TENSION.
THE ENEMY, ON THE OTHER HAND, CAME CHARGING.
BUT FOR LUIGI, IT WAS JUST LIKE THE LARGE, WOODEN HORSE HE WOULD PLAY ATOP.
SITTING ATOP A HORSE ALWAYS SHAKES ONE UP AND DOWN.

IN THIS KIND OF WIND, THE AIM OF A FLYING TOOL WAS NOT NECESSARILY A FIXED THING.
ON THE OTHER HAND, ROSSI WAS IN EQUILIBRIUM.
PIERRE MOVED HIS LANCE POINT IN LINE WITH HIS TARGET,
AND STUCK INTO THE EMPTY EARTH.
ONCE RELEASED, THE SPINNING ARROW WHIZZED PAST PIERRE'S RIGHT,

AND DISMOUNTED LUIGI MAGNIFI-CENTLY.

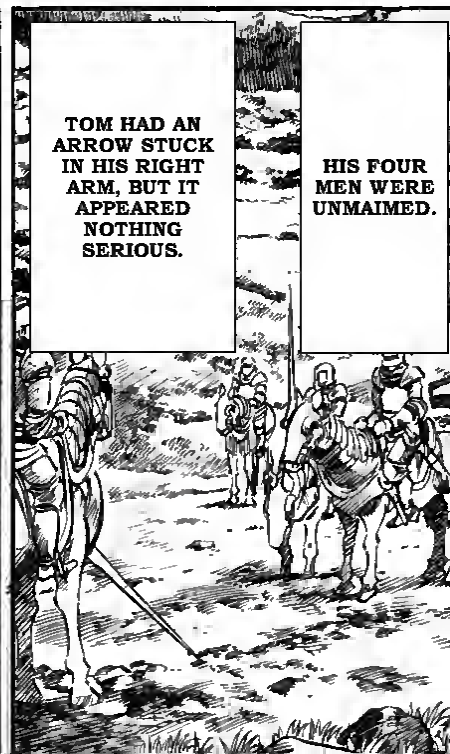
Milord Genovian.
I can kill ya anytime,
Piero!
Y-y-ye scamp!


All ya Italians remember are yer whores' names.
Pierre! Pierre, ya contemptuous irritation!!


PIERRE SURVEYED HIS SUR-ROUNDINGS.
NOW THAT LUIGI WAS SECURE,

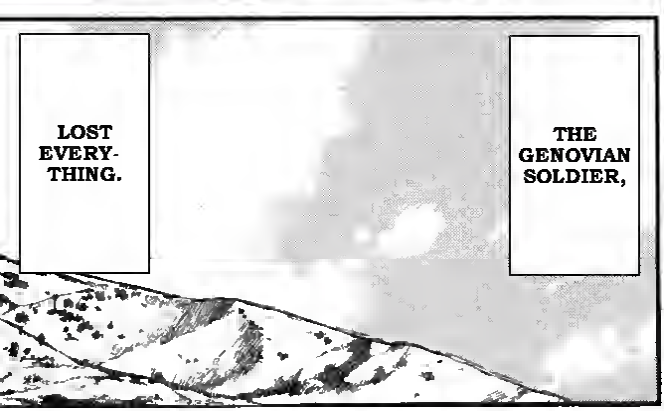
E's Pierre.
Grr rr!

Milord Luigi, I leave it to yer discretion. I kill ya here or ya hand yer wench of a wife over ta me! Which?!

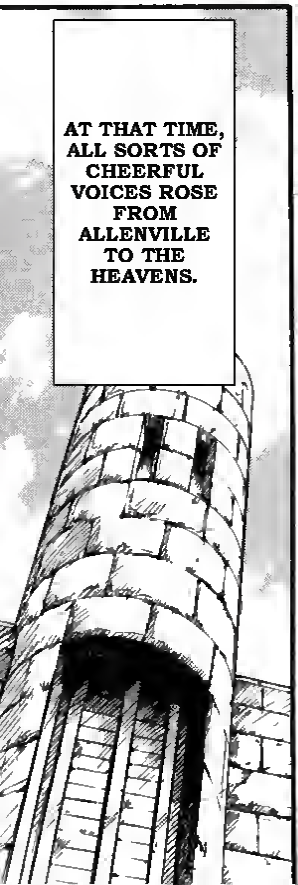

TOM HAD AN ARROW STUCK IN HIS RIGHT ARM, BUT IT APPEARED NOTHING SERIOUS.
HIS FOUR MEN WERE UNMAIMED.

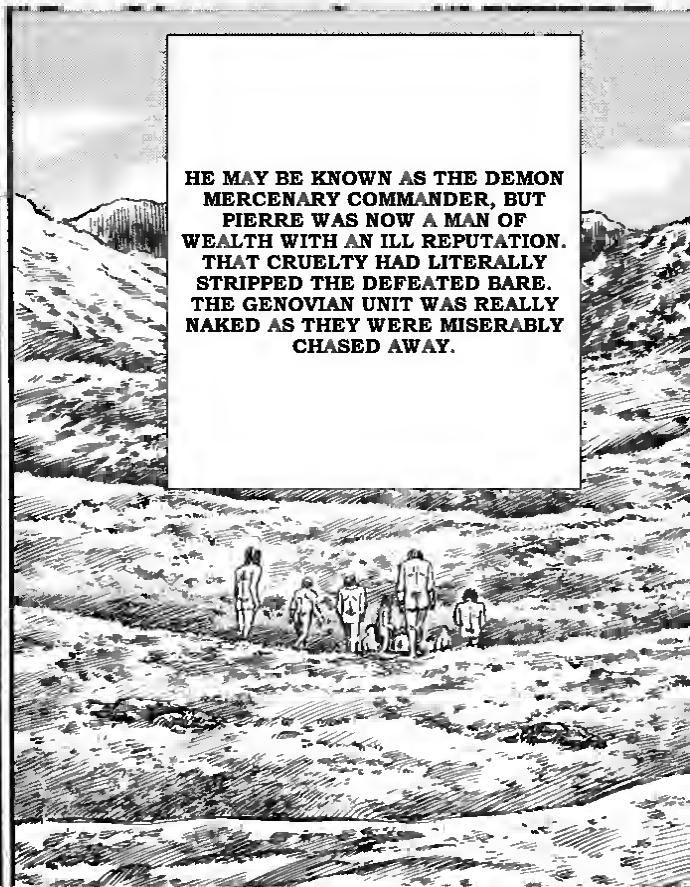
!
Else, ya die!
Ruffian! How dare ye consider her a mere toy!
You vexing plebeian!
Who ya think I am?! I'm gonna sell 'er to a prozzy shop. Madonna Grimaldi will garner quite the interest.
As well, all yer clothes stripped from ya.
Good, bu' I don' actually wan' 'er. Yer gonna pay me yer fortune.
Very well, I give her to ye!
All.
All of it?

.....


LOST EVERY-THING.
THE GENOVIAN SOLDIER,

To take it all is outrageous.
Oh? Is yer woman tha' cheap a piece'a meat?


AT THAT TIME, ALL SORTS OF CHEERFUL VOICES ROSE FROM ALLENVILLE TO THE HEAVENS.


HE MAY BE KNOWN AS THE DEMON MERCENARY COMMANDER, BUT PIERRE WAS NOW A MAN OF WEALTH WITH AN ILL REPUTATION. THAT CRUELTY HAD LITERALLY STRIPPED THE DEFEATED BARE. THE GENOVIAN UNIT WAS REALLY NAKED AS THEY WERE MISERABLY CHASED AWAY.

Ya got rid of 'em for us! Yer our saviours!!
We won! We won!! A huge victory!!
A victor's march!!
We did it, we drove them away!!
Vive, Pierre!
Vive, Pierre!

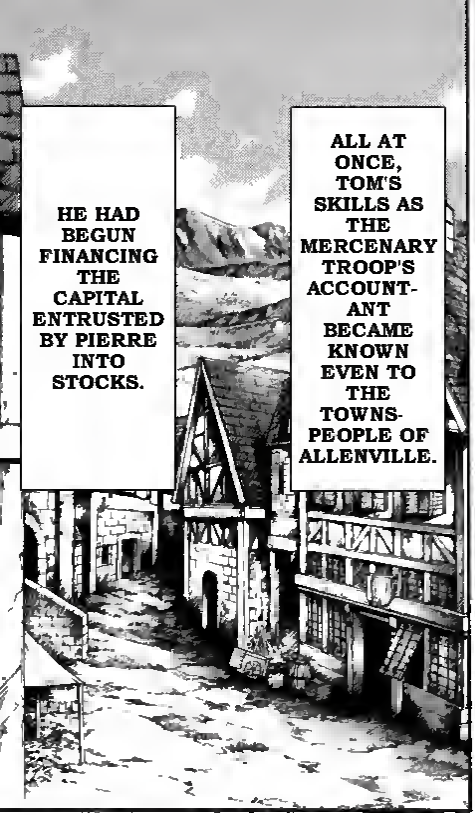
AS PIERRE STOOD ATOP HIS STALLED HORSE,
HE FELT NO BITTER SMILES TOWARD HIM.
WHEN HE STRAINED HIS EYES TO LOOK INTO THE ROW OF PEOPLE,
HE COULD MAKE OUT A RED WAIST-COAT.
FROM THE LINE OF FEET, THE SOLE DAUGHTER OF THE INN, MARI'S FIGURE,
APPEARED UN-STEADILY.
Even you came out huh?
A runt like you's gonna get squashed.
MARI WAS TOSSED ABOUT IN THE KNEES OF THE ADULTS, A SCOWL ON HER FACE.
WITH LITTLE FORCE SHE STRUCK THE BOOTED FEET,
IN A FIT OF RAGE.

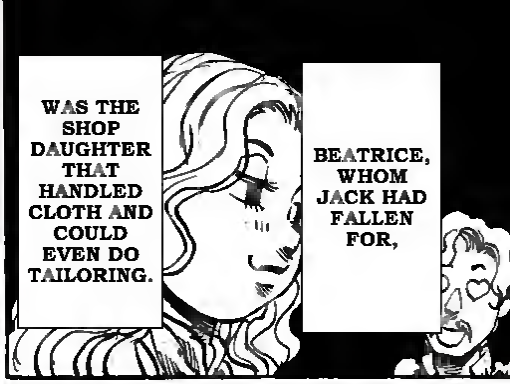
TRYING AS HARD AS SHE COULD TO DRAW THE ATTEN-TION OF THE RIDER.
SHE OPENED BOTH HANDS IN CELEBRA-TION,
AS SOON AS SHE GOT THROUGH, SHE LOOKED UP AT THE HORSE WITH A SMILING FACE.
ピョン
Come'n little Mari, grab ahold of my hand.
AND HELD ON WITH HER LIFE.
WITH BOTH OF HER TINY PALMS, SHE GRIPPED AHOLD OF PIERRE'S LEATHERED FINGER,
Kyaa!
Kyaa!
Easy now.

Look at that, all! At him riding so magnificently, holding that weak child in his burly arms to protect her,
truly Sir Pierre is a true knight who protects the weak and destroys the strong!!
Old Man Jiro, what' cha say'n now?
They've quite the intimate relation-ship!!
Look at my daughter there! Sir Pierre is staying at my place!

THE SMALL SAVIOR FLOWED THROUGH THE SURGING CROWD,
ADVANCING AS IF CHEWING OVER THIS VICTORY.
He was a man big as maybe six feet,
even I was shaken when I saw 'im.
Though ya may be able to think it, look here. That guy
how it happened was he tried ta bring a high quality sword down on me, hav'n tripped ta the ground.

AND TWO HAD PASSED.
SINCE THEN, TWO WINTERS HAD COME,
Like this!
And this!
PIERRE HAD BEEN OFFICIAL-LY INAUGUR-ATED AS THE DEFEN-SIVE GENERAL.
WITHOUT ANY FORMAL PLEDGE FROM THE ALLEN-VILLE MAYOR'S HAND,
IT WAS THE AGE OF CHRIST, 1431.
AND EVEN HIS NAME CARRIED A SORT OF NOTA-BILITY WITHIN THE VILLAGE.
HE WAS THE RECIPIENT OF ONE HUNDRED LIVRE A YEAR,
NICO ENTERED CHOLET'S FATHER'S PLACE AS AN APPRENTICE, AND SO BEGAN HIS DAILY LIFE OF POUNDING RED-HOT IRON.
WHILE IT NEED NOT BE SAID TO CALL HIM A CELEBRITY OF THE VILLAGE, THE PROPER TOWNSPEOPLE HAD NO END OF TOPICS CONCERNING PIERRE.


HE HAD BEGUN FINANCING THE CAPITAL ENTRUSTED BY PIERRE INTO STOCKS.
ALL AT ONCE, TOM'S SKILLS AS THE MERCENARY TROOP'S ACCOUNT-ANT BECAME KNOWN EVEN TO THE TOWNS-PEOPLE OF ALLENVILLE.


WAS THE SHOP DAUGHTER THAT HANDLED CLOTH AND COULD EVEN DO TAILORING.
BEATRICE, WHOM JACK HAD FALLEN FOR,

WHICH MEANT JACK MANAGED THE TOWN'S NUMBER ONE BOUTIQUE.

EARLY IN SPRING, AFTER ONLY ONE WINTER, ANRI AND NATALI HELD A VERY SHOWY WEDDING.

FOR AN ENTIRE DAY, EVERY NOOK OF ALLENVILLE WAS WRAPPED IN BRILLIANT WEDDING DECORATIONS.

HE HAD EARNED A SUM WHICH SURPASSED THAT ORIGINAL CAPITAL.
WITH THOSE FUNDS, SUR-PRISING-LY IN NO LESS THAN TWO YEARS,

Yes.
Oh, ya wanna know, Mari?
Then what happened to the commanding officer?
Ya, come on.
We wanna hear, too.
I promptly thrus' ta the side and pulled ou' my dagger, ya see.
Wha' do ya think happened when he did? I drove pas' tha' dirty English bastard's ass, and his back showed up.
I thrus' at the head and righ' around there he went rolling.
All right then, le' me continue. And then, like I said, I had made some distance.

He wouldn't, so I stripped him of his clothes.
and I said, "Declare yer loss!"
And from behind I pointed the edge squarely on the bastard's throat,
And, and?
Sir Pierre.
Yer a great man! The pride of our village!
Bravo! Bravo!

Who's it?
A visitor?
Sir Pierre, you have a visitor.

Sir Pierre, I presume?
Are you the illegitimate son to De La Flute.
I have quite the word to lay upon you.
Indeed, I am Pierre.
Do you know of La Pucelle?
Wha' is it?

La Pucelle?!
IT STRUCK HIM A SUDDEN BLOW.
IN THE INSTANT HE HEARD THAT NAME, HE WAS SMACKED VIOLENTLY AND CONVULSED.

and is being confined in Rouen?
Then are you aware that she has been captured, fallen to the hands of the English Army in Normandy,
I do. One who lives even an instant in his Highness's army would not forget it.
Then you have not heard
What?!!
Yes, she was seized last year,
and is now being charged as a witch.

charged as a witch ?...
Did he say
And because of that, at the request of a certain personage, a scheme to extricate her is under way.
How did this happen?!!

The extrication of La Pucelle.
Sir Pierre, may I assume that you wish involvement?

「週刊ヤングジャンプ増刊・漫革」H17年44号―
H18年50号まで好評連載されたものを収録しました。

◉ヤングジャンプ・コミックス◉

傭兵ピエール
❸

発行日
2006年5月24日［第1刷発行］

著者
佐藤賢一

©Kenichi Satoh 2006
野口賢

©Takashi Noguchi 2006
編集
株式会社ホーム社
〒101-8050 東京都千代田区一ツ橋2丁目5番10号
電話＝東京03(5211)2651

発行人
堀内丸恵

発行所
株式会社集英社
〒101-8050 東京都千代田区一ツ橋2丁目5番10号
電話＝東京03(3230)6222(編集部)/03(3230)6191(販売部)/03(3230)6076(読者係)
Printed in Japan

印刷所
凸版印刷株式会社

造本には十分注意しておりますが、乱丁・落丁(本のページ順序の間違いや抜け落ち)の場合はお取り替え致します。
購入された書店名を明記して、集英社読者係宛にお送り下さい。
送料は集英社負担でお取り替え致します。
但し、古書店で購入したものについてはお取り替え出来ません。
本書の一部または全部を無断で複写、複製することは、
法律で認められた場合を除き、著作権の侵害となります。

ISBN4-08-877090-0 C9979

百年戦争を駆け抜けた愛と戦いの物語！

別離した二人を待ち受ける新たな運命は…!?

傭兵ピエールと聖女ジャンヌ

作・佐藤賢一　画・野口賢

傭兵ピエール

お知らせ
●インターネットでもヤングジャンプ・コミックスが購入可能！書店受け取りなら送料は無料。
▼アクセスは集英社のサイトまで！　http://www.s-manga.net/
●ヤンジャン最新号とコミックスをネットでチェックしよう！コミックスの冒頭が数ページに渡ってネットで読めるぞ！
http://www.s-manga.net/mens/index.html　毎月新刊全作品を更新中だ！

YOUNGJUMP増刊【漫革】にて大好評連載中!!

IN THE DEPTHS, MADNESS AND INFATUATION...

A MAN AND WOMAN WHO SURPASS TIME, DRIFT IN A STRUGGLE WITH FATE!!

JUMP COMICS DELUXE
[B6判]

oh SUPERJUMPにて大好評連載中！

[原作]夢枕獏[作画]野口賢

KUROZUKA ―黒塚― ①～⑧

大絶賛発売中!!

YJ
ヤンジャン
YJC